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THACKERAY.

"But fortune, good or ill, as I take it, does not change men and women. It but develops their characters. As there are a thousand thoughts lying within a man that he does not know until he takes up the pen to write, so the heart is a secret to him (or her) who has it in his own breast." * * * "Ah! no man knows his strength or his weakness till occasion proves them."

In this quotation from Esmond is set forth, as it seems to me, Thackeray's fundamental idea of human character. What the man is at the beginning that he always remains. You cannot change character, you cannot very materially modify it; it is the one thing, unchangeable. In the main, he is right, too, we must admit. We have ceased to use the simile of the sheet of white paper, so familiar to our ancestors, in speaking of the mind's capacities. We accept, in these later days, the fact that we are not to expect figs from thistles, or grapes from thorns, and content ourselves with caring for the vine that it may bring forth fruit after its kind. Pruning and watering are needful, to be sure, and their use in character Thackeray acknowledges. Do you remember that in Esmond he says of Lady Castlewood: "Out of her griefs and cares, as will happen, I think, when these trials fall upon a kindly heart, and are not too unbearable, grew up a number of thoughts

and excellencies which had never come into existence had not her sorrow and misfortune engendered them. "It is misfortune," he says again, "that awakens ingenuity, or fortitude, or endurance, in hearts where these qualities had never come to life but for the circumstances which gave them being."

I do not believe that it is ever possible to separate an author wholly from his work, and especially is this true where the author puts so much of himself into his books as does Thackeray, whose ideal world is so real to himself—or, rather, it is no ideal world at all which he describes. There are in it no gods and demigods, who, from some impossible Olympus, utter sentiments of more than human loftiness, and perform deeds of more than human prowess. There have been writers who have viewed life through such a strange poetic medium that through their magic atmosphere gods and men became indistinguishable, and in their resonant ether the music of the spheres became audible. These are poets. Thackeray, though he has written poems, is no poet. There is for him no glamour on the life of this busy world. It lies before him in broad open day; in the clear, cold light of the sun, partly withdrawn, which penetrates nooks and corners to show their barrenness and lack of bloom, but which lies broadly on harvest fields, and sets a glory, albeit somewhat dim, on spires and eminences. Into this real world of care and toil, of eagerness and strife, of gentleness and heroism, of greed and generosity, of deformity and of beauty, Thackeray had plunged early. He had outlived his illusions; an excellent thing, perhaps, for his art, but sad for the man. As individuals we bury our youth, and that which, through youth, allies us with the immortals, in the grave of our lost illusions; and when we are altogether certain that there is no pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow, when the rainbow itself is no longer a real arch, the iron of bitter experience has entered the soul, and will remain thenceforth, at whatever pains we may be to

ignore its presence or to hide it under flowers. Does not our author say this. He has passed that heyday of life when veneering is undetected and triple-plate outshines silver, and he finds therein little cause for self-gratulation; on the contrary, his words have in them the sigh of a profound regret as he dwells on that vanished time "when the sun used to shine brighter than it appears to do in this latter half of the nineteenth century; when the zest of life was certainly keener;" * * * "when to know Thompson, who had written a magazine article, was an honor and a privilege; and to see Brown, the author of the last romance, in the flesh, and actually walking in the park, with his umbrella and Mrs. Brown, was an event remarkable, and to the end of life to be perfectly well-remembered." "It was in the days of my own youth," he says, "as I recall them, the roses bloom again, and the nightingales sing by the calm Bendemeer." There's the heart-quiver under the cheer of the words, our own youth bursts its cerements and rises from the dead, and we live again in the time ere the glow and flush had faded from our own sky, and before the grayness had settled down. We should be happier certainly, and I think we should also be better, if we could always keep our faith and trust unshaken; but this, after a while, is impossible, and, however deep our grief, we must mourn rather that things are as they are than that we see them thus. Ah! the loneliness when, be we never so loving, and hold we human hands of friendship never so closely, one after one we feel them slipping away, till we must perforce plod on the pilgrimage alone, with whatever heart of grace we may, by whatever gleam of the glory beyond may shine upon the path. And we realize that ours is also the world's experience; nothing is new. As our author has it:

"What stories are new. All types of all characters march through all fables." * * * "With the very first page of the human story do not love and lies, too, begin? So the tales were told ages before Æsop; and asses under

lions' manes roared in Hebrew; and sly foxes flattered in Etruscan, and wolves in sheep's clothing gnashed their teeth in Sanscrit, no doubt." * * * "There may be nothing new under and including the sun, but it looks fresh every morning, and we rise with it to toil, hope, scheme, laugh, struggle, love, suffer, until the night comes and quiet."

Thackeray is not, however, without his theory of the literary art to be applied to the novel; for, in a certain high sense, he is first, last, and always an artist, as we shall try to show hereafter — an artist by palingenesis, as it were. I have mentioned the limitations of his genius, or, rather, the material with which he works human character, as developed, or as revealed by the ordinary accidents, and trials, and temptations of life. All the world's people, its darlings and its pariahs, come alike as fish into his artistic net. At the same time that he is thus fisher of men, he is also citizen of the world; man of his time, with retrogressive tendencies to the eighteenth century, to be sure, and a fondness for the Addisonian style for purity and delicacy, and refined humor. Not quite so much a democrat as to feel at home in a crowd, yet not so much an aristocrat as not to feel with keen sympathy and pain—with joy, too, now and then, the pulsations of that common heart of humanity which is "one and indivisible." I acknowledge my love for the man, and I hold it a rare blessing to us all when a man's works, wise or witty, or sad or benign, are all these, the more because behind them all is the man himself in almost visible presence, like his books, wise and witty, sad and benign.

In the first reaction against the trusting faith in poor humanity with which the generous, half-heroic soul throws itself into life, it is apt, in its despair, to go over to a faith only in faithlessness. It is as the result of years and of struggle that the enthusiast, the skeptic, grasps all the factors of that problem of society which has so disheartened him — that problem of paradoxes — and realizes that there

is, after all, noble aspiration, held in by fate and circumstance; brave effort, which is only not brave enough to struggle to the end; generous impulse, driven back like his own into apathetic gloom. He sees how grief and sorrow tarry with man, how care sits beside him (*atra cura*), regret darkens his days, despair always impends like the old sword of Damocles, held by a hair. This comes to man as the result of his own suffering. The true satirist is the suffering human being in the stage of transition, when, having lost his early faith and hope, he is yet in the gall and bitterness of his own strife. He has not yet wrought out his own problem, or realized that he is only a participant in the great struggle of humanity. Afterward he regains, to a certain extent, his faith; he no longer, to be sure, expects perfect goodness and wisdom from frail humanity; but, looking into his own heart, and conscious that there exists within it an aspiration for that which is true, and good, and noble, and an effort, often baffled, it is true, toward a certain achievement therein, his own sense of fairness leads him to the conclusion that all these feelings cannot be peculiar to him, unless he is to regard himself as in some way separate from the world, and of another nature; he reflects that his own courage sometimes fails him when martyrdom for supreme conviction is in question, and that on lesser occasions sloth and self-indulgence betray him into fatal idleness and inaction. While he would do good, evil is constantly present with him. So, by virtue of the oneness of our nature, which he learns to recognize, he must perforce believe that in all other men and women, not wholly perverted, or depraved, there is the same admiration and outreaching for that which is true and good, even through manifold weakness and failure, and he gains confidence in the intentions of men as he loses some of his early faith in their power of will. So, charity grows with knowledge. Thackeray's progress through the phases of this experience is in some degree, at least, written in his books. He is at his

worst in "Vanity Fair," and at his best in "The Newcomes," and in "Esmond," — the latter being, too, in construction, his most artistic work.

It was, probably, with extreme difficulty that Thackeray expressed what lay deepest in his soul. Out of this difficulty — which he gradually, however, overcame — grows, no doubt, much current misapprehension of his genius. His tone of *persiflage* leads to a doubt of his sincerity. It is questioned if he feels anything deeply — if he really cares for anything. He is to be judged quite as much by what he conceals as by what he discloses. It must be a very simple or very self-confident nature which writes itself out directly. How do you know that you have any message for the world? Is it well to be too confident? Is it not better to give the tidings of the celestials, as you may think yourself possessed of, in such manner as not to occasion too great a laugh at your expense, should you chance to have been deceived by the oracle? The difficulty of entire expression is enhanced by a strong sense of the ridiculous, and sometimes grows almost insurmountable. It is the result of several conditions, but especially of that habit of mind to which the ludicrous aspect of things presents itself first and most forcibly; to which there is, consequently, always present shuddering dread of that fatal step from the sublime to the ridiculous. The fountains of laughter and of tears lie very close together, and are apt to run into each other and to leave the humorist — just in the degree that he deserves the name — in more or less doubt as to the precise stream on which his shallops of fancy are sailing. This implies, I admit, a certain ever-present self-consciousness on the part of the writer, but the novelist's art must of necessity be a work of more or less self-consciousness. It must be an effort of intellectual calculation, and of the adaptation of means to ends. It must even, in a certain sense, be a study of effect. The literary artist especially cannot, on the moral side at least, separate himself wholly

from his work. Perhaps Thackeray, the moralist, is most directly shown in the series of lectures on the Humorists and the Four Georges. These, you will remember, were delivered both in England and America, and, apart from the sterling sense and vigor of thought, their high and pure moral tone, are justly celebrated as models of terse, picturesque, manly, and impressive style. They disclose the correctness of Thackeray's spiritual insight. He is never led away into admiration of sentimentalism, or merely fine writing. He cordially detests those writers who have debased their great talents; he loves those who have offered their genius to the service of humanity. How he seeks out the good and caresses it; how he sees the evil and scorns it; how hearty his contempt for vice, in whatever high company it may be found.

"Look you, gentlemen," he seems to say, "I paint the world as it appears to me; there is sin in it, and degradation, moral and spiritual; the heart of man is desperately wicked. I can't tell you that earth is like Eden before the fall; but, unless much goodness and truth and self-sacrifice, and all heroic and Christian virtue, had survived, and had become flesh and dwelt among us, here and now, and in bygone ages as well, — unless it were for this, the whole social fabric would have gone to pieces, utterly, centuries ago; but the vice, and the crime, and the sin — these must be set down, too. So set down, though, that you shall never take vice for virtue, or crime for glory; never be tempted to either by hope of gain." How tender he is to persecuted or maligned innocence, to childhood, to womanhood; how loyal to honor and country, and to God! Growing less and less ashamed of emotion as the years go by, less and less careful to hide his heart and to dry the sudden tear. What a thorough liking he has for simplicity, and courage, and truth; how he hates a coward, and scorns a lie. And, withal, how broad his charity, how wide his love, how all seeing his eye. How modest he is, too. Do you remember

the estimation in which he held his own knowledge of history, which was eminently respectable, and certainly well used? Do you recall the comic distress with which, having taken a view of his audience through a rent in the curtain as he was about to deliver one of his lectures on the Georges, he discovered Macaulay in the assembly? "Five pounds," he exclaimed, "to any one who will get that man out of the house; in his presence I feel like a country boy with a shilling in his pocket in the banking-house of the Barings."

And these same Georges, for example, what avail crowns to save them from his righteous indignation? Crime is crime, and falsehood to domestic and political oaths is perjury in a palace as well as in a hovel. What does he say of his gracious majesty, George II? Listen. He says of the king: "Here was one who had neither dignity, learning, morals, nor wit; who tainted a great society by a bad example; who, in youth, manhood, old age, was gross, low, and sensual." Not a pleasing epitaph, but fearless, holding to the truth above all things. He is just as ready to recognize the goodness of the successor, almost to forgetfulness of his grievous faults and his tyranny: "George II.'s bad morals bore their fruit in George III.'s early years; as I believe a knowledge of that good man's example, his moderation, his frugal simplicity, and God-fearing life, tended infinitely to improve the morals of the country, and purify the whole nation." And what more touching than the close of this same lecture on George III. After he has spoken of his insanity, of the piety of his lucid intervals, he says: "What preacher need moralize on the story? What words, save the simplest, are requisite to tell it? It is too terrible for tears. The thought of such a misery smites me down, in submission, before the Ruler of kings and men, the monarch supreme over empires and republics, the inscrutable dispenser of life, death, happiness, victory. 'Oh, brothers,' I said, to those who heard me first in America,

'oh, brothers! speaking the same dear mother-tongue — oh, comrades! enemies no more, let us take a mournful hand together, as we stand by this royal corpse, and call a truce to battle! Low he lies, to whom the proudest used to kneel once, and who was cast lower than the poorest; dead, whom millions prayed for in vain. Driven off his throne, buffeted by rude hands, with his children in revolt, the darling of his old age killed before him untimely, our Lear hangs over her breathless lips, and cries: "Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little'!

> "'Vex not his ghost. Oh! let him pass; he hates him
> That would upon the rack of this rough world
> Stretch him out longer!'"

What does he say *apropos* of "the first gentleman of Europe," as George IV. was wont to be called? Listen again and you shall hear: "What is it to be a gentleman? Is it to have lofty aims; to lead a pure life; to keep your honor virgin; to have the esteem of your fellow-citizens, and the love of your fireside; to bear good fortune meekly; to suffer evil with constancy; and, through evil or good, to maintain truth always? Show me the happy man whose life exhibits these qualities, and him we will salute as gentleman, whatever his rank may be."

What fine, pure English we have in these lectures, and in those on the Humorists; what strong, clear, good sense; what deep and true feeling; what delight in pure love, what a loathing of all impurity!

In his lecture on charity and humor, do you remember how, after having dwelt on the importance of the humorous preacher to this generation, and of Dickens's unrivalled pen, and of *Punch*, of literary parties, the Punch party, the Jerrold party, what not — do you remember his allusion to himself? "We have also, it must be said, and it is still to be hoped, a Vanity Fair party, the author of which work

has lately been described by the London *Times* newspaper as a writer of considerable parts, but a dreary misanthrope, who sees no good anywhere, who sees the sky above him green, I think, instead of blue, and only miserable sinners round about him. So we are; so is every writer, and every reader, I ever heard of; so was every being who ever trod the earth, save one. I cannot help telling the truth, as I view it, and describing what I see. To describe it otherwise than it seems to me would be falsehood in that calling in which it has pleased Heaven to place me; treason to that conscience which says that men are weak, that truth must be told, that fault must be owned, that pardon must be prayed for, and that love reigns supreme over all."

I said in the outset, and will acknowledge again, that, to me, Thackeray the man often seems greater than Thackeray the author, great as the latter is; and so I find myself constantly thinking and speaking of the man, of his likings and mislikings. It is this, perhaps, which recalls to me that passage in the lecture on Swift: "Would you have liked to be a friend of the great dean? I should like to have been Shakspeare's shoe-black, just to have lived in his house, just to have worshipped him, to have run on his errands, and seen that sweet, serene face. I should like, as a young man, to have lived on Fielding's stair-case, in the Temple." * * * "Who would not give something to pass a night at the club with Johnson, and Goldsmith, and James Boswell, Esq., of Auchinleck? The charm of Addison's companionship and conversation has passed to us by fond tradition — but Swift? If you had been his inferior in parts (and that, with a great respect for all persons present, I fear, is only very likely), his equal in mere social station, he would have bullied, scorned, and insulted you; if, undeterred by his great reputation, you had met him like a man, he would have quailed before you, and not had the pluck to reply, and gone home, and years after

have written a foul epigram about you; watched for you in a sewer, and come out to assail you with a coward's blow and a dirty bludgeon."

Surely, Thackeray has no love for the great dean of St. Patrick; no more love than you or I have — much as we may wonder at his genius; no more love than has any one who, through whatever imperfections of nature, through whatever weakness of will or of judgment, is yet conscious of a definite attempt to reach the nobler heights of life — toward one who wilfully, maliciously degrades to the level of a more than brutish state all that ennobles our humanity, and who would fain destroy all the steps by which man ascends to God.

In these lectures, the fruit of his clearer judgment, his fuller experience, his profounder sympathy, and of his purified vision, we see most clearly Thackeray the man. In his novels we must, of course, look for Thackeray in his character as literary artist.

Of his style I have already spoken. It is always the effective instrument of his thought, often light, sharply cutting, yet with a certain calm. Thackeray does not deal immediately with the depths of human thought and feeling. Had he done so his style would have proved unsuitable, for I doubt if any style would have been adequate to the pain and suffering which he might have laid open to us. The fundamental phases of human experience are too tragical to be touched lightly, if their intensity be once acknowledged, and life, to sensitive souls, would become almost unendurable were they constantly reminded of the depth and extent of human suffering and sin. It would be like living in the continual presence of death, whose existence we all know, whom we all shall one day meet, but whom it is well enough, in a sense, to ignore and to content ourselves with working honestly while the day lasts, in the confidence that labor, well performed, is the best earnest of divine approval. Satire cannot touch the fountains of life any more than light-

hearted merriment can make death its theme. Given the comprehension of the realities of life, which comprehension is less common than we sometimes think, together with the desire to set forth, in a sufficient manner, these realities, and you can only save yourself from tragedy by dwelling on the surface of things. There is, however, a difference between dwelling on the outer, because you have too deep and terrible a knowledge of the inner, and touching the surface of life because that is all there is in life for you. Thackeray's genius plays about the little tones and traits by which individuality reveals itself. You can afford to smile at the revelation, but you are constantly reminded that there are more things in heaven and earth than our philosophy has taken cognizance of. He doesn't station his batteries in front of his enemy's line, and pour into him direct and overwhelming fire of solid grape and cannister. He rather takes position on some eminence, a little to the left, or the right, whence his enfilading fire is all the more destructive, because unlooked for.

In a literary artist we have a right, first of all, perhaps, to determine that he shall vindicate the divine principle of justice; if there is failure here, there is failure everywhere. We, of course, do not expect that goodness shall always have butter to its bread and vice get off well with a crust. Individual martyrs have perished in all ages, and vice may have clothed a man in purple to his death; but none the less does life prove to us that only out of virtue substantial good can come; that the steps of sin, whether visibly so or not, always take hold on hell. There is many a villain marching with more or less vigor across Thackeray's stage, truly. I wonder how, in everyday-life, we could endure these Tuftos and Tushers, and Cinquebars and Bernsteins—all that ghastly company of cowards, swindlers, perjurers, hypocrites. They are not pleasant, certainly, but over against them is "Warrington," and "Laura,' and "Colonel Newcome," and "Esmond." And do not the malefactors

receive even in this life their just recompense of reward? Are we left in any reasonable doubt as to their laying up for themselves wrath against the day of wrath? The Fate which pursues them is sufficiently visible and tangible, peeping in at the window, standing beside the door, playing skeleton at the feast. Do loneliness, and reprobation, and remorse entice us? Do we envy them their rewards? Does the gleam of their gold blind us? Does the flash of their jewels dazzle us? Is not his justice simple, direct and terrible? Are not its victims their own executioners, whether with gibbet or bow-string? Do we ever doubt, in his pages, that right is right — never; and wrong, wrong to all eternity?

As for a plot, and the machinery necessary to work it out, Thackeray's mind does not seem to turn to these at all naturally. There is hardly one of his novels that can challenge much praise for intricacy or ingenuity of construction, though "Esmond" ranks very fairly in this respect. He rather prefers to follow what might be called the natural course of life and nature, for his heroes are by no means exceptional beings, who may fairly claim exceptional destinies; he is even fearful, sometimes, that you may expect too much from the situation, and so takes care to assure you that any alarm about the ultimate fate of this or that person is uncalled for — he is miserable now no doubt, and meditates murder or sudden death — but he has done nothing very wrong; there is no Nemesis in the shape of a guilty conscience waiting for him. The sun will shine upon him after a while, never fear. All his harmonies are in a low key. There are no traps laid for your emotions, no delusions for your moral sense, and yet what a hold he has upon your interest. Thackeray was no longer a very young man when he made his first literary success; he had done this and that, inherited and lost a fortune, grown up as a boy at the Charter House, whose memory he celebrates, and over which "Colonel Newcome's" death casts a halo. He had come as a child to England, from his parents in India.

"I came from India as a child," he says, "and our ship touched at an island on the way home, where my black servant took me a long walk over rocks and hills, until we reached a garden, where we saw a man walking. 'That is he,' said the black man; 'that is Bonaparte. He eats three sheep every day, and all the little children he can lay hands on.'"

"With the same childish attendant," he says later, "I remember peeping through the colonnade at Carleton House and seeing the abode of the great prince regent. I can see the guards pacing before the gates of the place. The place! What place? The palace exists no more than the palace of Nebuchadnezzar. It is but a name now. Where be the sentries who used to salute as the royal chariots drove in and out? The chariots, with the kings inside, have driven to the realms of Pluto; the tall Guards have marched into darkness, and the echoes of their drums are rolling in Hades."

He had roamed abroad, sketching this or that, growing into familiarity with men and manners. He was no recluse, studying life in the closet then, or at any time. He always loved the world, even when he chastised it. He was nearly forty years old when "Vanity Fair" appeared, and the clever magazinist was transformed into the great novelist. "Vanity Fair" is no doubt a wonderful book — the keenness of the author's scalpel is unblunted; his wit is at its most brilliant; he is restrained by few scruples; he paints what he sees, and he sees much that is mean and low and base; he does not seem quite able here to grasp the strength of goodness, at least not to represent it in human form, for who can help feeling impatience with the silliness of the good "Amelia?" I may say just here that much as I admire Thackeray's art, his personations of women always somewhat jar upon me. He seems to have hardly represented a woman who is on the whole satisfying; hardly one, at least, whom, if we apply the test he himself has proposed in the case of

Swift, one would have been altogether satisfied to dwell in the same house with. I sometimes think of him what he said of Addison, though of course with some difference of application: "His writings do not show insight into, or reverence for, the love of women, which I take to be one the consequence of the other. He walks about the world watching their pretty humours, fashions, follies, flirtations, rivalries." * * * "Poor fellow! He was a man's man, remember." Reverence for womanhood Thackeray had — of this his writings make us sure; we are sure, too, that he meant to put it into such characters as that of "Ethel Newcome," "Laura Pendennis," and "Lady Castlewood." For myself, I must confess that neither of these creations seems completely to fill out its author's ideal, and yet I am puzzled to tell just where the disappointment lies; there is in them all a substratum of hardness to be sure, but it is generally well concealed. Nor do I think it inconsistent. There is a vein of hardness in all individual natures, upon which principle rests, and without which principle could hardly endure. The hardness in these characters, however, seems rather to support prejudice than principle; for, in real reverence for woman, Thackeray yields to no one, and I feel sure that it is in consequence of that same difficulty of entire expression that his highest female characters seem inadequately portrayed. Where he desires to represent a lower grade of culture and of station, he is more successful, — "Mrs. Brandon," for instance, in the "Newcomes." With what love he paints her tender, suffering heart, and the strength her goodness and devotion give her, albeit she is somewhat reckless in her treatment of the parts of speech, and in her distribution of the aspirates. But, poor little "Brandon," too, owes her goodness to impulse rather than reason. What I want to say is that, in nearly all these characters, however lofty or however sweet, there are bursts of petty prejudice, of petty and unreasoning jeal-

ousy, of petty cruelty, — "Lady Castlewood" is palpably jealous of "Beatrix," "Helen" turns poor innocent little "Fanny" out of the house, apropos of which he says:

"There is a complaint which neither poppy, nor mandragora, nor all the drowsy syrups of the East could allay in the men of his time, as we are informed by a popular poet of the days of Elizabeth, and which, when exhibited in women, no medical discoveries, or practice subsequent, neither homœpathy, nor hydropathy, nor mesmerism, nor Dr. Simpson, nor Dr. Locock can cure, and that is — we wont call it jealousy, but rather gently denominate it rivalry and emulation in ladies."

And this worthy lady could intercept her son's correspondence, too, you know. You can't quite free yourself from the jar of it. We are fain to think that in the characterization of women, as in his style itself, his best results are achieved by indirection, and you like best the face that greets you when the crowd parts; that peeps over the shoulder, or under the arm of the principal personages. It is "Mrs. Shandon" and little "Mary," and their compeers.

Nor is Thackeray much more happy in his heroes. Here, too, the real interest is aside. "Pendennis" is but a poor hero, though he reflects well enough the questioning, half-skeptical attitude of modern life and thought. "Clive Newcome" is less a representative and more a prig. "Philip" is better intrinsically, better for a hero I mean, than they, but a disagreeable, rather outrageous, young man notwithstanding, spite of his dash and generosity and all that. "Henry Warrington," too, is not altogether heroic — well, perhaps no one is altogether heroic in these times, or any other; but oh, dear friend, creator of an ideal world, do you know how our hearts sigh for the old giants? Do you hear a generation calling, stay a little, to the heroes? And why, when we ask for bread, must you so often give us stones? Still he has given us "Colonel Newcome," has he not? and

admirably contrasted him with "Sir Brian Newcome," "Hobson Newcome, Esq.," "Mr. Barnes Newcome," and the rest, to say nothing of the fair "Mrs. Mackenzie," who should have had honorable mention ere now, with her sisters, and poor, weak, pretty little "Rosy," with her infantile airs and graces. Recall some of the "Colonel's" little speeches; they've the true ring in them. "If we can't inherit a good name, we can do our best to leave one, and that's an ambition, which, please God, you and I will both hold by." When "Mrs. Newcome" is inclined to patronage, Thackeray asks, "Can you fancy a two penny-half-penny baroness, of King Francis' time, patronizing Bayard? Can you imagine Queen Guinevere's lady's maid being affable to Sir Launcelot?"

How wholesome is our indignation when, in that scene at the Cave of Harmony, when the outraged "Colonel's" cane descended, metaphorically, on the back of every man in the room. "Colonel Newcome," whether he is forming plans for journeying abroad with his son; whether he is coming back to England, and bestirring with their friends "Jack Brown's" boys of the cavalry, or "Mrs. Smith's" girls of the civil service, or poor "Tom Hick's" orphan, who had nobody to look after him, whether he is greeting "Clive" at school, looking very odd and very kind, "and like a gentleman every inch of him;" whether meeting difficulty and disaster with manly courage and honor; whether dying alone and in poverty, under the shadow of the old Cistercean Charity, stands out from all the rest, not perfect—"There is none perfect save One,"—but an exemplar worthy of all imitation, for gentleness, and courtesy, and courage, and honor, and truth, and reverence toward the Creator of us all.

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ANACREON IN THE ORIGINAL METRE.

Ερως ποτ' εν ῥόδοισι.

BY WYCOMBE ABY.

When once among the roses
  Young Cupid chanced to linger,
Where many a bee reposes,
  One stung his rosy finger.
With finger sorely smarting,
  His sobs he could not smother—
With feet and pinions darting,
  He sought his loving mother.
"O mother," said he, crying,
  "I'm dying, oh! I'm dying—
For in my rose dominions
  A serpent bit me flying;
A tiny snake with pinions,
  Called honey-bee by farmers."
Said Venus, queen of charmers:
  "O Love, if bees hurt badly,
Just think, dear boy, how sadly
  Men suffer, ah! how madly—
The men you sting so gladly."

THE RENAISSANCE.

(FROM MICHELET'S HISTOIRE D'FRANCE.)

The Renaissance presented itself to the twelfth century, as did the Sibyl to the ancient King of Rome, with hands full of the future, and laden with the books of destiny. He hesitated; of five volumes she burned two, and for the three asked the same price as for the five. He still hesitated; two more volumes disappeared in the flames. He seized the one that remained, and paid for it the price of the whole.

Thus, at its first essay, the Renaissance offered to man

the rapid and direct roads of modern initiation — so true is this, that the reasoners and the mystics of this first age are better understood by us than are any of their successors — but, that solemn moment being passed, and missed, its way became oblique and uncertain. It has been able to reach its aim only by means of immense circuits, worse, even by painful gropings through blind alleys where the human mind, weary of the endless windings, bruised and broken by the roughness of the road, and scarcely caring any longer to advance, rather, perhaps, desiring to return, took those retrograde steps which only doubled its fatigue and placed it farther away from its goal.

To the friends of beauty, the word Renaissance only recalls the dawn of a new art, and the free flight of phantasy; for the erudite, it is the renewal of the studies of antiquity; for the legislator, it is the aurora of the new day, which begins to shine upon the discordant chaos of old customs. These minds, too much prepossessed, have forgotten two things: the discovery of the World, and the discovery of Man. The sixteenth century, in its great and legitimate extension, goes from Columbus to Copernicus, from Copernicus to Galileo, from the discovery of the earth to that of the heavens. The course of which movement restored and revealed man to himself.

It was only by indirect means that the end of the Moyen Age, that terrible nightmare which would neither die nor live, and yet became more cruel as it neared its last hours, could be accelerated. The way of science was barred since the persecution of Roger Bacon, and of Arnauld of Villeneuve. The theological way, too, was closed. The reformers of the church, the Father of the Council of Constance, a Gerson! burned alive the fervent christians whose faith differed so little from their own. For the merest difference of opinion, the partisans of John Huss were devoted to the anathema as if they had overthrown the entire edifice of Christianity. An entire people was delivered up to the

sword, and the whole earth called upon to assist in extermination. Terrible, unheard-of example of the ferocity of fear. Gerson, to whom they attribute the "Imitation of Jesus," would never have dipped his hand in the blood of the just if he had not hoped to make of it a cement with which to repair the crumbling church, whose cloven vault he labored so hard to sustain, only to sink beneath its ruins. Art was under less surveillance and, for this reason, the first popular stroke of the Renaissance was felt in that direction. Little the tyrants thought what deep, friendly ties bind together the free thoughts of the human mind, the opportunity which a free art could afford towards the liberation of literature, philosophy and religion. "Art in its very nature transcends the principle of the church. But as it manifests itself only under sensuous limitations — and does not present the suspicious aspect of abstract thought — it is at first regarded as a harmless and indifferent matter. The church, therefore, continued to follow it; but as soon as the free spirit in which art originated, advanced to thought and science, a separation ensued."

Note that, if the old system still appeared to any advantage, it was in art; it claimed all art as its own, its work and its fruit. When a religious system dominates all things, every productive energy, every activity of man, seems inspired by that system, and unite to do it honor. Already now Giotto, the greatest painter, though still holding to the old circle of sacred subjects, had shown, by an unheard-of stroke of audacity, how in reality he had freed himself from the old inspiration. He had left the consecrated types, the dumb, insipid figures of the Moyen Age, in order to paint what he saw, the ardent Italian heads, the beautiful and living Madonnas, whom he surrounded with the aureole and placed boldly upon the altar. Immense change, above all, when from the deepest recesses of the North, the powerful Van Eyk, leaving the faded egg-colors, made life glisten in those burning paintings that made the others

pale, and sent them, tiresome shadows, to sleep among the schoolmen.

It was not in painting, however, that the decisive combat of art was fought. The heart of Christian art, her poetry, her pretension for surpassing the past, lay in her architecture. The Arab and Persian ogive — of the eighth and ninth centuries — had been adopted in the twelfth by the Free Masons, and used by them in their sublime monuments with preëminent genius. This lay revolution, which had the effect of removing architecture from the hands of the priesthood, made of it, none the less, their pride. There, at least, the Church was convinced of her invincibility. To whosoever questioned her logic, or doubted her legends, she responded by pointing to this legend of stone, the living miracle of these marvelous vaults. She said: "See and believe!"

In the Middle Ages, the church was the domicile of the people. The man's habitation, the miserable hovel to which he returned of an evening, was but a temporary shelter. He had but one home indeed, and that the house of God. The church was the universal asylum, the whole social life found its refuge there. The man prayed there, the commune deliberated there, its bell was the voice of the city. It called the people to the work of the fields, to civil affairs, sometimes to the battle of liberty. In Italy, the sovereign people assembled there. It was in Saint Mark's that the deputies of Europe were received when they came to ask for a fleet for the fourth crusade. Commerce formed around the churches; the resort for pilgrims was a market. The merchandise was consecrated. The animals, as even to this day in Naples, were brought thither for benediction. The church refused herself to nothing; "she suffered her little ones to come unto her." Not long ago, at Paris, the Easter hams were sold in the church porch of Notre Dame, and everyone, before carrying his away, asked to have it blessed. Formerly they did more, — they ate them in the

church, and followed the repast by a dance. Thus did the church lend itself to man's most puerile pleasures.

Behold the change. We enter this colossal theater of the sacred drama now dedicated, after its long fête of the Middle Ages, to silence and shadow. The feeble tones of the priest, that we find there, are powerless to fill the vaults that were built to resound with the thundering voice of the people. She is a widow; she is solitary, — the church. Her profound symbolism that once spoke so loud, has now become mute. It is now only an object of scientific curiosity, of philosophical explanation and interpretation. The church is a Gothic museum for the learned or the curious to visit; they turn around, gaze about them irreverently and praise, instead of praying.

We all know that the Christian church was, primitively, nothing more than the *basilica* of the Roman tribunal. The church took possession of the Roman *praetorium* at the very moment Rome cast it aside. The tribune, enlarging and rounding itself, formed the choir. But this church, like the Roman city, was still restrictive, exclusive. She was far from being open to all. She made a great pretense of mystery; she insisted upon ceremony of initiation. She still loved the darkness of the catacombs where she was born; she hollowed for herself vast crypts to remind her of her cradle. The catechumen was not admitted into the sacred enclosure, he was still obliged to wait at the door. The baptistery was on the outside, and so was the cemetery; the tower itself, the organ and voice of the church, elevated itself apart. The heavy Roman oracle sealed up by its weight the subterranean church and absorbed its mystery. And so it remained during the struggles of Christianity, during the long tempest of hostile invasions, so long as the world disbelieved in its own duration. But when the fatal era of the year 1000 had passed, when the ecclesiastical hierarchy discovered that they had conquered the world, that it was completed, crowned, and shut in by

the pope, when Christianity, enrolled in the armies of the crusade, perceived her unity, then the church shook off her narrow raiment; she enlarged herself so that she might embrace the whole world; she came out of her shadowy crypts; she mounted, she lifted her vaults on high, and, as she bent their graceful crests, the Oriental ogive sprang from the Roman arch.

See this prodigious pile, a work for Enceladus. To raise these rocks four, five hundred feet, giants, it seems, must have labored — Ossa upon Pelion, Olympus upon Ossa. But no, this is not the work of giants, this is not a confused mass of enormous material, of inorganic aggregation. Something stronger than even the arms of the Titans has moulded this. What? The breath of the spirit. The light breath that passed before the face of Daniel, carrying away kingdoms and shattering empires, it is this that has swelled these vaults aloft, it is this that has blown these towers to the heavens. It has penetrated with a powerful and harmonious life all the parts of this great body; it has created from a grain of mustard seed, as it were, the vegetation of this prodigious tree. The mind is the shaper of its own dwelling. See, as it works upon the human shell within which it is encased, as it stamps the physiognomy, how it shapes or disfigures the features; it hollows the eye with meditation, or dims it with experience and sorrow; it ploughs the brow with wrinkles of thought and of care; the bones even, the powerful framework of the body, it bends and curves to the movement of the interior life. In the same way, man was the architect of his envelope of stone; he fashioned it to his needs; he marked it outside and inside with the diversities of his thought; he told there his history, taking care that nothing should be omitted, no event of his long life. He has graven there all his memories, all his hopes, all his regrets, all his loves. He has written upon this cold stone his dream, his deepest thought. Once he had escaped from the catacombs, from the myste-

rious crypt in which the old pagan world had thrust him; he elevated this crypt to the heavens; the deeper the old had descended, the higher the new mounted; the shining spire escaped like a profound sigh from a bosom oppressed for a thousand years.

Notice the slender and deep orbit of the Gothic window, of this *ogival eye* when it tried, for the first time, to open, in the twelfth century. This eye of the Gothic window is the distinguishing sign of the new architecture. The ancient art — worshipper of matter — classified itself by the material support of the temple, by the column; Tuscan, Doric, Ionic, Modern art, child of the soul and of the mind, has for its principle, not the column, but the casement; not the solid, but the void. In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries the window, sunk in the thickness of the wall like an anchoret of the Thebaid in his grotto of granite, retired within itself; it meditated and dreamed. But, little by little, it advanced, from the inside to the outside, until it arrived at the exterior superfices of the wall. There it radiated in beautiful mystic roses, triumphant with celestial glory. But the fourteenth century had scarcely passed when these roses began to alter. They changed to the flamboyant figures. Were these flames of the heart, or tears? Perhaps both.

The same progress is to be noted in the successive enlargements of the church. The ostentatious mind is always ill at ease in his habitation; he must extend it, vary it, ornament it; it will not hold him, it suffocates him. No, beautiful as thou art, thou marvelous cathedral, with thy towers, thy saints, thy flowers in stone, thy great Christs, with their aureoles of gold, thou couldst not control thyself. It is necessary that around the church shall be built a ray of chapels. Behind the altar annother altar, a sanctuary within a sanctuary; hidden behind the choir the chapel of the Virgin. We seem to breathe better. But this chapel is still small, these walls are obstacles! It is

necessary that the sanctuary should escape from the sanctuary, and the arcade appears under the pavilion of heaven.

The Masons, that vast and obscure association, everywhere present, had their principal lodges in Cologne and Strassburg. Their emblem — ancient as Germany itself — was the hammer of Thor. With this pagan hammer, sanctified in their Christian hands, they continued through the world the great work of the new temple, the renewal of the Temple of Solomon. In order to understand with what care they worked, obscure and lost in the association as they were, with what abnegation of self, it is necessary to seek out the most retired, the most inaccessible portions of these cathedrals. Ascend to the aërial solitudes, to the utmost points of those spires, and you will often find, solitary, under the eye of God, at the mercy of the eternal wind, some delicate word, some miracle of sculpture, upon which the pious workman has spent his life. Not a name, not a sign, not a letter; he left his glory to God. He worked for God alone, for the salvation of his soul.

At the epoch at which we have arrived, the Gothic architecture had reached its plenitude, short moment, adorable moment, in which nothing here below long remains. To the moment of pure beauty succeeds another which we know as well. This is the time for decoration and for rich ornament, and to this second stage the Gothic church suceeded. In her embellishment she now exhibited an unmistakable, but still delicious, coquetry. Rich windows, headed with imposing triangles; charming tabernacles attached to the doors, to the towers, to the pinnacles; rich and transparent lacework of stone, seemingly spun by the distaff of the fairies. She became more and more ornamented and triumphant, the more and more her interior evil augmented.

The art became every day more emaciated. Architecture became the sister of Scholasticism. She divided and subdivided. Her process was Aristotelian, her method that of Sir Thomas. A series of syllogisms in stone, seeking after,

but never reaching any conclusion. In pushing every day farther forward in this ardent pursuit, what man met was man himself. The human and free side of Christianity developed itself more and more, and invaded the Church. The Gothic vegetation, weary with soaring so far in vain, now spread itself upon the ground and produced its flowers. What flowers? The image of man, of the painted and sculptured representations of Christianity, of the Saints, of the Apostles. Painting and sculpture, the material arts that reproduce the finite, stifled architecture, little by little; this abstract art, incomplete and dumb, could not compete with its so lively and speaking sisters.

The powerful Greek column, equally grouped, carried easily its light and graceful entablature; the feeble supported by the strong; that is logical and human. The Gothic art is superhuman. It is born of the belief in the miraculous, of poetry, and of absurdity. This is not a derision; I quote the words of Saint Augustin: "*Credo quia absurdum.*" The divine house, in so far as she is divine, has no need of strong columns; if she accepts a material support it is from pure condescension; the breath of God is all-sufficient. She would reduce her support to nothing, were it possible. She loved to place enormous masses upon slender shafts. The miracle is evident. And this is the principle of life, for the Gothic architecture; it is the architecture of the miracle. But it is also its principle of death.

In all the Gothic sculpture and architecture, there was, let us confess it, a something complex, drawn, painful. The enormous mass of the church held up by its innumerable abutments, laboriously raised and supported, like Christ, upon the cross. One is fatigued at seeing it surrounded by such a forest of support; it gives him the idea of an old house that is in danger of falling, or of some unfinished structure.

Yes, the house was falling; she could not even complete

herself. This art, open to attack in its form, failed, too, in its social principle. The society from which it issued was too unequal and too unjust. The *régime* of caste, so poorly in unison with the spirit of Christianity, subsisted still. The Church which owed its birth to the people, had, early, a dread of the people; she detached herself from them; she formed alliances with Feudalism, her old enemy; then with royalty, the victor of Feudalism. She associated herself with the sad victories of royalty over the commonality, whom she had aided at their birth. The Cathedral of Rheims has, at the foot of one of its belfries, the image of the bourgeois of the fifteenth century, receiving their punishment for having resisted the establishment of a tax. This emblem of a plundered people is a brand of infamy for the Church itself. The cry of pain rises in company with the song of praise. Will God willingly accept such an homage? I do not know; but it seems as though the churches built by drudging labor, their creation paid for by the tithes of a starving people, only to be blazoned over by the pride of bishops and of lords, and filled to overflowing with their insolent tombs, should every day become less pleasing to Him. Among these stones there are too many tears.

The Middle Ages were not all sufficient for man. They could not sustain their proud pretention of being the last word of the world, the *consummation*. The temple must be enlarged. Man must recognize God in himself. This mystic intuition of an eternal Christ ceaselessly renewing himself in humanity, presented itself, it is true, even to the Moyen Age. At first it was obscure, but every day it acquired a new degree of clearness. This transfiguration of man, by which he recognizes in himself the image of his God, generalized what had been individual, fixed as an eternal present what had been believed temporary and past, pointed to the earth as heaven, and was, in every sense, the redemption of the modern world. But it seemed the death

of Christianity and of Christian art. Satan himself seems to have thrust upon the unfinished church an immense smile of derision. This smile is the Baroque of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

It was above all upon the Rhine that the mysterious tradition of the Gothic mason still seemed to live in the fourteenth century. The art had reached them late, but there the school was formed. There was erected the most ambitious monument, intended as the authoritive and definite type of the art, the magnificent but unfinished cathedral of Cologne. Italy herself seems not to have contested the primacy of the masonic wonders of Cologne and Strassburg. She rendered homage to them, and, it is said, the Duke Jean Galeas did not believe himself able, without the assistance of the German architects, to close the vaults of Milan.

This papacy of the Free Masons, this infallibility that constituted them a species of art-church, client of the church theologic, found its doubter, its skeptic, in a firm Italian mind. The Florentine Brunelleschi, pitiless calculator, regarded with a severe eye these fantastic constructions, contested their solidity, and against their fragile orthodoxy, built the durable heresy that is now the faith of art.

In the Gothic calculations, the holy and consecrated number three, and the mysterious number seven, were exactly reproduced, in themselves or in their multiples, in every part of the church. "Be careful to remark," they say, "these seven doors and these seven arches, this length of sixteen times nine — nine itself is three times three —; these towers are 204 feet high, that is to say, seventeen times twelve, again a multiple of three, etc. Built upon three and upon seven, this church is very strong."

Why then, at the same time, do we see all around this forest of pinnacles, this army of buttresses, these enormous abutments of all kinds, this eternity of scaffolding

that seems to have been forgotten by the Masons? Take these away; leave the vaults to sustain themselves. The whole building seen near, communicates to the spectator a sense of disquiet. It exhibits even in its youth, the sign of its early decay. His uneasiness momentarily increases, and he is almost tempted, seeing it require so much support, to reach out his hand to assist it.

If it so happens that a Roman monument is situated near it, the contrast is immense. From his lofty solitude, he looks disdainfully upon the eternal patching of his fragile neighbor, and the swarms of men that keep it alive and live upon it. For him, built two thousand years ago by the hands of the legion, he remains impervious to all the effects of wind or frost, having no more need of man, than have the Alps, or the Pyrenees.

The contrast was felt by the Italian calculator. He was, says his biographer, a man of terrible will, who had undertaken to learn all the arts, that he might turn them to the profit of the central art, which finds in mathematics its harmony and perpetuity. He had the soul of Dante, his universality of genius, but dominated and guided by another Beatrice, the divine melody of number and of visible rythm. For her, he escaped victor over all temptations, though the visible charm of sculpture long held him captive. Perspective, mechanics, the various arts of the engineer, were all on the route over which he traveled, pressing forward in his pursuit of this Urania, who imitated upon earth the regularity of the heavens and the eternity of the constructions of God.

Never had there been a time less favorable for these high tendencies. A profound prose dominated Italy, the living materialism of tyrants, of the mercenary bands that overran her soil, the bourgeois platitude of the merchants and men of finance. A religion originated in the Bank of Florence, having in gold its real presence, and in the letter of change its Eucharist. The accession of the Medicis was

inaugurated by this aphorism: "Four ells of scarlet will suffice to make an honest man."

Brunelleschi sold a little field that he owned, and, with the proceeds, he and his friend, the sculptor Donatello, went to Rome. It was a perilous voyage. The Roman Campagna was, even then, terrible; wild, overrun by banditti, by the soldiers of Colonna and of the Orsini. Every day this desert became more and more lost to man; the wild buffalo, that reigned king of the solitude, found his way even to Rome itself. The streets there were overgrown with grass and weeds, and the old monuments, become fortresses, were also fringed and garlanded by the same wayward children of the soil. Of statues one saw but little — they slept within the earth; but the immense baths remained, eleven temples, which now have almost entirely disappeared, the vast substructions, the monstrous sewers where the triumph of a Cæsar might have passed, all the sombre marvels of *Roma sotteranea*.

Petrarch has described Rome as lost to herself and to the devotion of the world. Brunelleschi refound her, and placed her again upon her throne. And what a testimony he has left of this courageous pilgrimage. Everything was buried in the earth. Digging far down under the soil, they found the top of a temple which was still standing. In order to reach this strange, subterranean Rome, it was necessary for him to follow the steps of the goat to the most dangerous precipices, or, torch in hand, to plunge into the obscure windings of unknown abysses.

This Christopher Columbus of this new world was not a draughtsman to content himself with mere form. He made the most profound study of the various kinds of materials, of the quality of the cements, of the weight of the different stones, and of the art by which they were fastened together. He learned of the Romans all their secrets, and more, — the one of surpassing them. These were timid men still, who gave enormously large bases, far beyond what was

necessary, to their monuments. The titanic ambition of Brunelleschi, his faith in calculation, made him believe that upon even a smaller foundation he could place the enormous vaults of Tarquin, and upon them raise the Parthenon to 300 feet in the air.

He returned and asked to be allowed to complete the cathedral at Florence, whose architect had died after having merely laid the foundation. The foundation was octagonal and of a plan that complicated the question. In this difficult affair genius went for but little. He had need of an infinity of address in order to manage these bourgeois Florentines, bankers and merchants, who, knowing nothing, believing themselves wise about everything, could not miss listening to and being influenced by the ignorant and the envious. Brunnelleschi had need of a finer diplomacy than would have been necessary in order to regulate all the affairs of Europe.

His master stroke was to advise, in the first place, that they should call together, from all quarters, an assemblage of the great architects, especially the German masters, whom they would not have missed opposing to him had he not called them himself. He wished to see them all together, and so vanquish them all at once. Convoked, he gave them every opportunity to disclose the poverty of their appliances, the uncertainty of their art. They had the genius for form, for effect, for the picturesque in architecture, but lacked all knowledge of the scientific means of construction. They had operated blindly so far, strengthening the exterior support according to the thrusting of the wall. The child held itself erect, but only on condition that it should be sustained by its leading-string. It was much later than this when they began to calculate, not till the fifteenth century. No calculation, worthy of the name, subsisted among them anterior to this architectural congress at Florence, assembled in 1420.

It was necessary now, for the first time, to invent a durable construction which should sustain itself and dispense

with outside assistance. There, placed at the foot of the wall and summoned to lay aside their exterior supports, they had nothing to propose but the poor expedient of introducing into the interior a gigantic pillar, upon which the dome should rest. The great artist told them his plan, but no one wished to understand it. The judges placed themselves at once upon the other side. All laughed. It was agreed that he was a fool. They told him so; the people believed it; they called after him as he passed, "There is that fool, Brunelleschi."

Nevertheless, the others having nothing to propose, they deigned to recall him. "Since it must be, show us your model." They would have copied it without doubt. To these malicious wiseacres Brunellschi replied by an argument which was worthy of him. He took an egg from his pocket: "This is the model," said he; "can you make it stand?" No one succeeding, he crushed it, and of course it remained erect. All cried: "That is easy enough!" "Oh, yes! when one knows how."

I wish I had time to tell all. This was at once heroism and art, the work and martyrdom of genius. He received the commission only on condition that he would accept as assistant, a sculptor, who embarassed everything. A thousand difficulties thronged his pathway. His workmen left him. He took their places. He learned of each his trade, and followed it. He would have miscarried a hundred times if he had not been sustained, in the detail, by this astonishing universalty, which he had acquired in a happy hour and made subordinate to his one great aim. Without props or scaffolding, without the aid of any exterior support, the colossal church stood up, simply, naturally, as a strong man in the morning rises from his bed without the need of staff or crutch. And, to the great terror of all, the powerful calculator, smiling at their fears, placed upon the top the heavy cap of marble, the latern, and said: "This mass itself will add to the solidity."

Thus was laid the corner stone of the Renaissance, the

permanent objection to the crippled art of the Middle Ages; first essay, but triumphant, of a serious construction that supported itself upon itself, upon calculation and upon the authority of reason. Art and reason reconciled; behold the Renaissance, the marriage of the beautiful and the true, the day of universality.

"Where do you wish to be buried?" they asked of Michael Angelo, when he came to build St. Peter's. "In the place where I may contemplate through all eternity the work of Brunelleschi."

What is the most astonishing in the movement of the fifteenth century is that the work which created the greatest admiration, the universal stupor, that of Brunelleschi, had but little influence and was but little imitated. St. Peter's, even, sublime work of the greatest of Brunelleschi's disciples, recalls the manner of the master, but not his robust genius. This admirable dome does not fill the entire letter of the law; it is supported from the outside — it does not stand by itself. More, in the very presence of this victory of the Renaissance, the dying Gothic revived; it made its last effort; it learned how to calculate, and raised the spire of Strassburg. Fatigued from this moment, it sunk into impenitence; far from dreaming of improvement, it became still more fragile, surrounded itself more and more with all the little arts of ornament, the delicacies of the carver and the embroiderer. The coquettish church of Brou, decaying from its birth, required repairing from the very first.

Painting was not more fortunate. If one ever had a right to suppose that the spirit of the Renaissance was a living thing, it was when, in the middle of the century, appeared the great Italian, the complete, self-poised man, all-powerful in all things, who remembered all the past and anticipated all the future, who to the Florentine universality added that of the North, uniting the arts of chemistry and mechanics to those of design. Can you doubt I speak of Leonardo da Vinci? "Anatomist, chemist, musician,

geologist, mathematician, *improvvisatore*, poet, engineer, physician, when he had discovered the use of the water-wheel, the mortar for throwing bombs, the thermometer, the barometer, preceded Cuvier in the science of fossils, Goeffroy Saint Hilaire in the theory of unity, he remembered he was a painter, and he wished to apply to human art the design of the Creator in the unity of organizations." (Quinet, *Rév. d'Italia.*)

The Moyen Age felt a trembling timidity in the presence of nature. It sought only to curse and exorcise the powerful demon. Da Vinci felt too close a kinship with nature to fear her. All nature belonged to him, was beloved by him. His *début* was sufficiently startling. Some people carried to him a kind of wooden escutcheon on which they desired him to ornament; he returned it to them, embellished with a world of repulsive and terrible animals, contrived into one sublime monster that allured and yet repelled. He showed the same audacity in his Leda, where the union of the two natures was as intrepidly marked as it could have been in these days, when modern science demonstrated and proclaimed the whole of nature as related to man.

Enter the *Musée du Louvre;* in the great gallery, on the left you have the old world, the new on the right. On the one side the languid figures of Fra Angelico of Fiesole, kneeling at the feet of the mediæval Virgin; their melancholy and languishing regards fixed upon her in an intensity of longing and holy desire. In face of these old mysticisms sparkles, in the paintings of Da Vinci, the genius of the Renaissance, her most acute uneasiness, her most piercing goad. Between these contemporary works there is more than a thousand years. Bacchus, St. John, and La Joconde direct their regards towards you; you are fascinated and troubled, an infinity acts upon you by a strange magnetism. A very isle of Alcinous lies in the eyes of Mona Lisa, gracious and smiling phantom that she is. Art, nature, the future, genius of mystery and discovery, master

of the sublimity of the world and of the unknown abysses of the ages, speak, — what do you desire of me? This canvas attracts me, calls me, absorbs me; I return to it as a bird returns to the serpent that has charmed it. Beware! Da Vinci himself, the great master of illusion, was caught in his own net; long years he remained without ever having the power to extricate himself from the mobile labyrinth, fluid and shifting, that he has painted deep down in this dangerous picture.

Bacchus, or St. John, it is all one. He is really the same at two different moments. "Look at the young Bacchus in the midst of a landscape of the first day. What silence! What curiosity! He watches in solitude the first germination of things, and listens to the rustling of new-born nature; he hears, in the cave of the cyclops, the intoxicating murmur of the gods. We see the same curiosity for the good and evil in his St. John; a dazzling regard that carries in itself the light, and smiles at the obscurity of the times; the infinite avidity of the new spirit that seeks the science, and cries, after long waiting, "I have found it!" *(Quinet.)* This is the moment of the revelation of the true in an expanded intelligence, the delight of discovery, with a light irony upon the old age, the wizened child. Irony so legitimate that we shall see it again victorious, queen over the world, in the Voltairean dialogues of Galileo.

No one was more admired than Da Vinci. No one was less followed. This surprising magician, the Italian brother of Faust, astonished and apalled if he did not repel. He was encouraged neither in Florence nor in Rome. Milan imitated his pictures, feebly, from afar. This was all. He remains alone as prophet of the sciences, as the bold creator, who, in face of nature, like her, created and combined, produced with her life for life, world for world, defied her.

These victories, followed by indifference; these efforts of Brunelleschi, of Da Vinci, followed by relapse, reveal one

thing but too well, and that is the solitude of their genius. The great innovators in painting, and in architecture, died without legitimate offspring. Guttenberg and Columbus, after an Odysses of painful effort, of researches and abortive attempts, found not their aim attained, the immediate recognition they had a right to expect, in virtue of their astonishing discoveries. A gulf evidently yawns between the five or six men, — heroes of will, — and the crowd miserably fettered and restrained, who could not lift themselves above the mediæval Gothic and the dead level of the fifteenth century.

The art of printing, that immense boon to mankind, that was to increase a hundred-fold the power and liberty of man, at first, it is necessary to say, served only to propogate those works which, for three hundred years, had effectually retarded the Renaissance. It multiplied to infinity the works of the mystics and the schoolmen. It inundated the libraries with the barbarous works of the Moyen Age. It was forty or fifty years after the discovery, when they bethought themselves to publish Homer and Aristotle. Plato waited for another century. None the less it rendered humanity, even in those times, one overwhelming service — that of placing in his hands the book which he had so long blindly obeyed. To the innumerable Latin Bibles succeeded the translations, seventeen in Germany alone! The perplexity now lay in the immensity of the book, in the variety of the productions of which it is composed. Humanity was overjoyed at holding in his own hand his written God, but astonished and terrified to find him presenting a hundred different faces. The first attribute of God, His unity, His immutability, seemed widely in contrast with this infinite changing diversity. They desired a type, simple, relevant, one that they could imitate. They had looked for a symbol, they had received an encyclopedia.

From this enormous *pêle mêle* of the Bible, from these various doctrines, was there to issue one paramount princi-

ple, which should cause all others to be forgotten, should dominate them all for a time? There was but small appearance of it. Jean Wessel, the great and wise teacher, who read the Bible in Hebrew, preached already, upon the Rhine, the doctrine that Luther spread abroad later with such marvelous success. But the time was not yet come. Wessel received but little attention. Before an object so multiple, the first effect was that of vertigo. The human mind, stunned and confused, in the place of making a selection, remained motionless and took nothing.

The conscience of the times was in Germany. Left far behind in the Moyen Age, she had mended her pace, and the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries found her in the van. By the invention of printing, by the revolution of the imperial cities, by that of the peasants, and by their first appeal to the right, she gave evidence of a vigorous life, — laborious, it is true, and unquiet, but none the less life.

In the humid shadow of the great walls that the city of Nuremberg built, to protect herself against brigands and princes, lived and worked the man who was himself the deep conscience of this country of the conscience, the great workman, Albrecht Dürer. This poor man, most unfortunate in his home, unable to earn sufficient to satisfy his crabbed wife, imaged in his troubled hearth, his want of interior unity and content, the restless misery of his country. Twenty times, a hundred times, upon canvas, upon wood, upon copper, insatiably he painted or engraved his sorrow and that of the times. He made them live again in the legendary forms of the Passion; Christ sold of the Jews, but still worse of the Christians; Christ smitten by the Turks, still worse smitten by His own. He varied this theme to infinity, without satisfying his heart, powerless and overcome by his laborious struggle.

At last, one great day, escaping from the old forms and by a stoical effort making an appeal to his own soul, without support from the past, he engraved with a conquering

steel the genius of the Renaissance, the angel of science and of art, and crowned him with laurel. He surrounded him with his powerful productions, he put a compass in his hand and scattered about all the implements of his industry, the balance and the lamp, the hammer and the saw, nails and pincers, and a multitude of unfinished works. Nothing was wanting, not even the botanical specimens in little vases, not even the anatomical subject — a dead animal awaits the scalpel. This is not the fantastic *atelier* of the magician, of the alchemist, from which issues nothing but smoke. No, here all is serious and formidably true; this is the laboratory where science is power, where every stroke struck is followed by an immortal spark, never to be extinguished, but which shall remain, henceforth, a torch to light the world.

This singular and nameless being, seated amid this chaos, this beautiful giant, this genius, the circumference of whose wings might "o'ertop the poles," why is he sad? And why is it that he does not feel the great joy born of immense strength? Why, his fist clenched, resting his elbow on his knee in hopeless endeavor, does he so nearly conceal his admirable face that we can see little but the noble profile, the eye profoundly black and filled with deepest gloom? "O! son of the light, why art thou sad! — and grieving! For me, I should have thought that light was joy."

"What! thou dost not see, then?" he would answer, could he speak, could he from the depths of the copper, turn himself towards us; "thou dost not see that this block, badly quarried and of irregular form, divine geometry itself cannot return to its crystal prism? Prismatic it was, regular, harmonious. What have I made of it? Without reaching art, I have shattered nature. The brute, too, lying there before me, seemed destined to reveal its secret, to explain its principle of life, to me; but, dead, its secret dies with it. The congealed blood refuses to avow the mys-

tery that it flowed to tell. Foiled again and again! Foiled by death, night, and my eternal stupidity."

It is vain now that he sees in immense distances the vast world, forests, cities, and villages, the infinite of the sea, and the infinite of light. What is all that to him? The infinite he pursues, the light that he adores, is only to be reached in the inmost recesses of being, and there it eludes him. This is what clenches his fist and wrinkles his forehead; it is this that leaves him sad and inconsolable. This is why his overwhelming laurels, all his instruments, his means of labor, seem only embarassments and obstacles. He has accumulated too much; he is overwhelmed and hemmed in by his powers; he is held captive by the incumbrances of science. It fatigues us only to behold his laboratory. How can he ever issue thence? How had he the misfortune to desire to do so, could he even so much as rise? He would certainly crush his forehead against the roof. There is a ladder near, by which to ascend into the observatory. Bitter derision for this captive, tied down by his thought. I swear to you that he will never arise. Adieu for him the heaven and the stars! For his wings!—this is the most frightful of all! Oh, to feel that one has wings, and yet be unable to fly! Prometheus was spared that torture.

There is another creature in a corner, who, we may be sure, would not dare to draw his breath before this terrible angel. Poor little goblin, all nude, seated upon a block of marble, he appeared absorbed in his task; his very veins are swollen by his intensity of attention. He is trying to engrave, the little one; he works conscientiously, with a studious but unskillful tool. Under this modest aspect he may well be the humble effigy of German art; the timid conception, the willing and honest soul of Albrecht Dürer himself. Alas! the effort does not insure the power. If this giant could not, how could the dwarf? And I see with sorrow this poor, dull child does not take flight. God pity

him! The useless wings, that have only just commenced to grow, by some mistake grow downward and hang useless from his shoulders. True image of complete discouragement, that, suppressing hope, promises nothing, not even to childhood. The present is bad, but the future is worse. The clock that I see sounds nothing but bad hours.

Such was the thought of Albrecht Dürer; and the work being finished and dated, desirous of effacing it, of placing it in eternal shadow, he smiled bitterly and added a bat, placing it exactly over the sun, allowing it to fly, audaciously, in the full light. Then he wrote over all the word "*Melancholia.*"

Will harmony ever return to this distracted world, become to herself an inextricable labyrinth, lost in herself, broken, paralyzed, by her own ineffectual efforts at action? To this despair of art another art responded, — a sweet song, simple and strong; so strong it was heard in a thousand places, so sweet that every one believed he recognized in it his mother's voice. And in reality a new mother for humanity was found, the great enchantress and consoler: Music was born.

Silence here! I foresee the objection, and I respond to the Gothiques: To those who for so many ages despaired of the salvation of the human soul, Music had no power to offer her consolations. They were left unconsoled and uncured until arose, starting low but rising ever higher and higher, the holy song of Luther. It was he who struck the key-note, and then all the earth sang, — all, Protestants and Catholics. Of Luther was born Goudimel, the professor of Rome and the master of Palestrina. This was not the gloomy chant of the Moyen Age, in which a great human flock, under the *bâton* of the official leader, repeated eternally, in pretended unison, a chaos of dissonances. This was a true song, free, pure, a song out of the heart; the song of those who, weeping, are consoled; the divine ecstacy amid earth's tears; a vision of heaven.

That is a great era in which sounds an hour of the world! This new hour might say: "I have nothing to do with time that has passed. The past is the mute age, it could not sing; sombre age, that ate its own heart in the night of silence. For me, I am the harmonious age, that by the free song, laying open its heart to the light, brightens, enlarges, and creates it."

The need of creating, of making himself and of making his God, had not missed in the Moyen Age. From the day when Giotto, when Van Eyk, delivered the holy images from their Byzantine fixity, every one desired his God for himself, and tormented the painter and engraver to exhibit their skill for him. He carried away with him in his bosom, concealed within his robe, this God, and felt himself rich in possession of his dearest wish, only to say again on the morrow: "Alas! I have been deceived; this is not my dream." Legitimate necessity and no conceit. God is only God by virtue of his constant renewal; by his charm of rapid and incessant new birth. Such he is, and this is what man desires. Give him, then, an art,— not fixed and immovable, but one which never identically reproduces itself. This art will be nearer God. To the most abandoned was given this gift of grace.

Have you seen the miserable caves of Lille and Flanders, the humid habitations where the poor weavers, in this climate of eternal rain, throws, catches, and throws again the loom, with an automatic and monotonous movement? This bar, that, thrown from him, returns to strike his heart and his consumptive chest, does it accomplish nothing, think you, but a revolution of the thread? Behold the mystery: Of this movement — hither, thither, hither — there comes a rythm. Without perceiving it, the poor man, in a low voice, begins a rythmatic chant. In a low voice. It is not necessary that any one should hear him. This song is not a church chant. It is the song of this man, — *his own*, — born of his sorrow and his bruised bosom. But, believe

me, there is more sun now in this hovel than upon the market-place at Florence; more incense, more gold and purple, than in all the cathedrals of Flanders and of Italy.

"And why not a song of the Church? Is this a revolt?" No. But the Church could not teach this man to sing; she could do nothing for him. It was necessary that he should find himself.

The miserable weaver, who lives in the purlieus of a great city, has no wish to sing high. He is humble as the earth, the kennel in which he lives. The bell of the trades-hall sounds not for him. The noble city chimes, in which others rejoice, only sound in his ear: "Thou art nothing; thou wilt be beaten down. Thou hast no one for thee but God." God receive him, then! God who hears all and disdains nothing. God listened to this little, low-voiced song, poor and simple lullaby. God alone mocked not. If it so chanced that some one else heard, some one who happened to pass the little window, he smiled and tossed his head: "Song of the *lolo*, to quiet the children." Behold, the name is found. This poor imbecile, singing his foolish song, is the *Lollard*. He sings to himself. He is at once nurse and child; he imagines himself to be the feeble, naked nursling upon the knee of God. And God responded to the poor man: "Sing, poor man, and weep. Thy cellar is a church. Thou hast sinned, but thou hast suffered, too. Me, I have ransomed thee, and all is pardoned thee."

How useless to say this singer is pursued to death; they cannot find enough instruments of torture to use upon him. A gag, above all things, a gag was what they needed. Otherwise his song continued, even among the flames. How should they smother this voice? Ah! a voice once born into the world can never again be stifled. This one ascends from all sides. The response of God, that is the living soul of this song, passed, do what they might, from mouth to mouth. This is the whole of German theology. In the Pays-Bas, Wessel, Stampitz in Germany spread

abroad this consolation in the fifteenth century. It is through them that we received Luther.

Luther was a *Lollard*, a singer; but the song was no longer smothered, no longer in a low voice. His song was loud and deep as thunder. There was still another difference: the songs of the mediæval mystics and ascetics were steeped in tears. But this is a singer whose voice radiates hope and joy. Oh, joy well merited! Who had ever before such cause for joy? When had ever revolution a nobler origin? He tells us himself how the thing first came to him, and how he had the courage to execute it: "*He pitied the people.*" He saw them consumed by the priests, devoured by the nobles, and sucked dry by their kings; looking forward, after this life, to nothing but an eternity of agony, and tearing the very bread from their mouths in order to buy of knaves their ransom from the pains of hell. "He pitied the people," and, out of the tenderness of his heart, he renewed the old song of the Lollards, the song and the consolation: "Sing, poor man, all is pardoned thee!"

Faith, hope, charity, are three divine virtues. But we should add a fourth, a virtue rare and sublime; rare even among the saints. For lack of a better name, we shall call this virtue — *Joy*.

The condemnation of the whole Moyen Age, of all its great mystics, is this: not one of them had *Joy*. How was it possible? They were all invalids. They all groaned, languished, and waited. They were dead already in anticipation; they had not even a glimpse of the age of action and of light at which we have arrived so tardily. They loved much, but their love, so vague, so full of doubtful subtilties, would not allow them ever to tear themselves away from their troubled thoughts. They were eternally sad and unquiet. On the contrary, the benediction of God, that was the very soul of Luther, appeared above all, in this: he was the first man since antiquity who had *Joy* and the heroic smile. It burned in him, radiated from him,

under all forms. He had this great gift in its complete form.

The joy of the inventor, happy at having found, and happy at being able to give; the joy that smiles in the dialogues of Galileo, that shows itself, with näive pride, in Linneus and Keppler; the joy of the combatant at the moment of battle, his magnificent rage, the smile of the victor, stronger than the trumpets with which Joshua overthrew Jericho; the joy of the truly strong, of the hero, firm upon the rock of conscience, serene amid all the perils and all the evils of the world. Such was the grand Beethoven, when, old, solitary, and deaf, with a colossal effort, he composed his "Hymn to Joy." And, above all this joy of strength, Luther had that of the heart, of the man, the inmost happiness of the family and the hearth. What family more virtuous, what hearth more pure? Behold the modern man and your father, all. Recognize him here.

The poet workman, Hans Sachs, saluted him as "the nightingale, whose song fills all Christendom." Dürer, consoled, made a hundred joyous works in expiation of *Melancholia;* the little St. Christopher, full of love, carrying his God; the firm and lofty St. Paul, who reads, supported upon his sword, the great biblical sword, whose point is driven deep into the earth; St. Mark, listening, striving with terror and with joy, shows his white teeth; St. Paul, with his key, vanquished, hangs his head and is no longer any thing more than a porter.

Joy was absurd in the Moyen Age, when so many vain things were built up, whose wise architects elevated to the clouds those towers and castles which now serve only as passages for the wind. Joy is reasonable in the modern time, when the sure hand constructs of truth that immovable edifice whose foundation is fixed in God, in calculation, and in nature. Reason, progress, science, these and these alone have a right to *Joy*.

Behold the true Renaissance! It is found. This is the Renaissance of Man. GERTRUDE GARRIGUES.

Gertrude:
You have failed to separate the
Reformation from the Renaissance.

RAFFAELLE'S "MADONNA DEL SISTO."

BY LYMAN WHITNEY ALLEN.

Virgin outwoven of God's prophecies!
Woman of earth-born race and heaven-worn face,
Rapt in majestic gladness and sweet grace —
Stamping fair Christ upon the centuries!
Eyes orient with heaven's mysteries,
In frightened joy beaming triumphant praise;
Lips breathing bliss of Christ's dear kiss the trace,
In widening curves of tremulous ecstacies.

Beauty that baffles art! sweet heaven that bends
Earth to its knees, with higher instincts wrought!
Woman that moulds the life of the wide years!
Interpreter of man! through thee ascends,
Lifting vast worlds unto God's perfect thought,
Love, the redeeming power that sways the spheres.

THE GAELIC REVIVAL.

Among the many revivals that are characteristic of our age, the one that forms the subject of this paper is particularly noteworthy. As a consequence of what seems a spontaneous uprising of the Celts, a society has lately been organized in Ireland and Scotland with the expressed object of preserving and extending Gaelic as a spoken language. Among its directors are such men as the Archbishop of Tuam, John Stuart Blackie, of the Edinburgh University, Aubrey de Vere, Rev. Samuel Haughton, of the Dublin University, Prof. Rhys, of Oxford, and others equally eminent in literature.

In the days when philology was in its infancy, or was scarcely more than a pleasant display of learned ingenuity, the fanciful analogies by which some enthusiasts sought to connect the language common to the Irish, the Scot-

tish Highlanders, and the tribes of ancient Gaul with the Phœnician, the Carthagenian, and other lost or disputed tongues, naturally deterred many earnest scholars from giving attention to the Celtic dialects at all. But the labors of more recent and more reasonable investigators have at length placed the history of the once wide-spread Gaelic and its literature within the sphere of serious study. Germany first, as might be expected, treated the matter in a philosophical spirit, and her Celtic scholars still keep in the front rank. MacPherson's pseudo-translation of Ossian, and the romantic glamour thrown upon the Highlanders and their customs by Walter Scott, served to nourish a sentimental fondness for their native tongue among the inhabitants of North Scotland, and this feeling easily and naturally passed to their Irish kinsmen. France, too, has of late contributed to the movement, which bids fair, if not to give a new lease of life to the old speech of the *Clan na Gael*,[1] at all events to save it from an untimely death.

During the dark "penal times," when England was making cruel attempts to legislate Gaelic, and every thing that was Celtic, out of existence, in both Ireland and Scotland, it became the fashion with many "society" people in those countries to glory in a real or pretended ignorance of their own language, and this singular cowardice continued almost to our own day. But, although as a result its literary use and development were almost entirely suspended for nearly two centuries, the language still flourishes and is spoken by hundreds of thousands, as well by the descendants of Anglo-Normans as by the true "Mac's and O's" themselves. A new era has begun, and to-day distinguished Irish and Highland ladies are active in the movement to resuscitate the language of their forefathers. It is not unreasonable to suppose that, as ladies' tongues have begun to find pleasure in its utterance, its rich and melli-

[1] Children of the Gael.

fluous sounds will soon again be heard far and wide, and be willingly listened to.

Considering our close relationship to the Celts, much strange error regarding Gaelic prevails among many well-educated Americans.[1]

Although from remote times the Celtic race seems to have been divided into two great families, the Gael and the Kymraeg, the latest authorities are now agreed that one language was originally spoken by all its tribes in Western Europe, and that even if the beginnings of a dialectic separation may have been long before apparent, it was not until after the settlement of Britain that the Kymric idioms — Welsh, Cornish, and Armorican, or Bas-Breton — began to exist separate from the more ancient Gaelic. According to this theory, which is well borne out by facts, the language of the pre-Roman Gauls was essentially the same as Irish, or Gaelic. That the Kymric dialects are a comparatively late offspring of the Celtic family is evidenced by their internal structure, all the primitive elements missing from them being generally found entire in Gaelic.

It may not be amiss, in this connection, to broach a theory that is at least worthy of examination, namely, that the nasals sounds of French and Portuguese have been derived from Gaelic. It has occasionally been attempted to trace the peculiar properties of *m* and *n* in those languages to a Latin origin, from the usage of Latin prosody,[2] which cuts off the final *m* and the preceding vowel when the following word begins with a vowel. But so striking a feature of pronunciation would not have been wholly lost in Italy if

[1] Even so intelligent a traveller as Mr. Bayard Taylor, in describing a steamboat trip from Belfast to Scotland, mentions some Irish harvest-hands among the passengers as conversing in "Irish," and immediately after remarks that the Scottish sailors were talking in "Gaelic;" evidently distinguishing Irish from Gaelic, as if two languages. A mistake, of course. The Highlanders, when speaking English, call Gaelic *Erse* (pronounced *ersh*), that is, the language of *Erin*.

[2] Ecthlipsis.

it had existed in any of the Latin dialects spoken by the Roman settlers in Gaul. Yet in fact there is not the slightest trace of it in the modern Italian dialects, while it does exist, in a decided form, as every one knows, in the languages of France and Portugal, which were precisely the last countries on the continent to give up the use of Gaelic. But the nasality of French and Portuguese is only partial, being given to *m* and *n* when in various positions, yet never when initial. Now, in Gaelic all the primitive nasal sounds of *m* and *n* known to the above languages occur, and, in addition, what those languages have failed to preserve, the nasality of *initial m* and *n*. That is to say, the Gael and the other races of France and Portugal, in acquiring Latin, retained a marked peculiarity of what had long been the language of that part of Europe.

Gaelic, *as spoken*, is the same in Ireland and Scotland, with local variations, of course, of pronunciation and etymology. But there is a considerable difference in the orthography of the language used in the two countries. The Irish have generally adhered to their ancient alphabet, commonly known as Anglo-Saxon, but employing only eighteen letters, including *h*. Most Irish scholars, however, replace *h* by a dot over the letter to be aspirated. The Scotch, on the contrary, adopted the Roman alphabet long ago, and, with an increased number of letters, have been able greatly to simplify the spelling of the language. As grammarians have seldom been behind theologians in steadfastness to their own views, there have been some vigorous word-battles between those who adhere to the elder and those who favor the newer and apparently more practical system.

There is a peculiar dialect of Gaelic spoken on the Isle of Man, called Manx. It is full of Scandinavian words, for the island was long a rendezvous of Danish vikings, in the times when those wild adventurers carried desolation into the British Isles. Waterford, in Ireland, was also a stronghold of the Danes, and the dialect of Gaelic spoken

by its inhabitants now has a considerable Scandinavian element.

In spite of centuries of war, destruction, neglect, and unfavorable legislation, there still remain innumerable Gaelic manuscripts, dating from early in the Middle Ages, when the great schools of Ireland and Iona were resorted to from all parts of Europe. The libraries of Dublin alone contain over a thousand volumes as yet untranslated. Besides these, there are many others scattered through the old libraries of the Continent, where they have quietly lain since they were written by the Irish missionary monks, who helped to civilize and evangelize barbarian nations destined, by the force of circumstances, or by a better fortune, to surpass their masters.

"Celtic societies" are not a new thing, but hitherto they had passed their life in a learned slumber, now and again publishing an old chronicle or a code of laws. But it looks now as if the Celts, who have contributed so much to the glory of every thing that is so constantly and so wrongly called "Anglo-Saxon," were about to give something of their intellect to their own tongue. Some of the later novelists, and notably Mr. William Black, have aptly and agreeably introduced into their stories an occasional scrap of Gaelic, and have thus, perhaps, excited a passing interest in the subject among readers who lack the desire or the opportunity for its study. But the real student of history and of philology will lose nothing by devoting an odd hour to what is one of the most ancient of civilized languages. Text-books of Gaelic are at last becoming plentiful and rational.

My purpose, in this short paper, has been merely to call attention to the immense treasures soon to be placed within the reach of such as wish to explore them. These embrace legendary and mythic lore, lyric and epic poetry, and music, law, and science, and I hope it will not be considered invid-

ious to say that this wealth of poetry and romance is greater than could possibly be found in the less favored Scandinavian tongue, whose magnificent epics have been so popularized within recent years.

T. F. GALWEY.

CARL GUTHERZ' "ECCE HOMO."

BY LYMAN WHITNEY ALLEN.

Oh, rare, pale face! sacredly beautiful,
With flowing locks of richest auburn hue—
A crown within a crown—whose ringlets strew
Their silken wealth o'er brow most sorrowful.
Fair eyes from out whose azure pitiful
A pleading glory shines through crystal dew;
Sweet quivering lips that breathe a blessing new
In silent woe of love most tenderful.

Lone-splendored head that bowed unto the tomb!
Thou risest in thy majesty divine
Victorious o'er thy mighty agony.
Thou thorn-crowned Christ! through the bewildering gloom
Forevermore thy radiant face shall shine,
The beacon-light of immortality.

SPENSER.

"His birth was of the womb of morning dew,
And his conception of the joyous prime."

Spenser has been styled the "prince of poets in his tyme," the "poet of poets," and the "poet of painters." These titles, though pleasing, are much too limited. He is also the poet of "women," by virtue of the feminine element in his genius, and that marvellous appreciation of womankind shown in his portraitures of Una and her sis-

ters. These creations are so exquisite in expression, and framed in by such sweet idyllic graces, that we feel as if he alone of all the poets had explored the *penetralia* of woman's character, and suitably reverenced what he found there. Like his priest —

> "He blesses her with his two happy hands."

This benediction is not unmeet, for few poets have more emphasized the sacredness of beauty, truth, and goodness. His marvels are not more unique than his moralities are familiar. In the latter, he shows himself profoundly comprehensive of eternal, essential truth.

One of the most important events of his outward life was his settlement in Ireland. He felt himself in a kind of banishment, but it was providential. "It chanced eternal God that chance did guide," for in his seclusion was doubtless developed that repose of spirit essential to great creative effort. For a time unmolested by events without, always untroubled by doubts within, his steadfast faith took hold of things unseen; the spiritual significance of life's hardest actualities was made clear to him, and starting on earthly plains, he reached the heavenly altitudes.

He was visited by his friend Raleigh, whom, the poet says, —

> "'Gan cast great liking to my lore,
> And great disliking to my luckless lot,
> Unmeet for man in whom was ought regardful."

Yet his lot could scarcely be called luckless; for, to this lone exile on Mulla's shore, Imagination came, "making a sunshine in a shady place," transfiguring all that was common in life, creating a fairy-land for him amidst the rude kerns and gallowglasses of the Emerald Isle, opening his eyes to fairest visions in the world of nature, giving

him harmonious words with which to embody the melody of murmuring winds and falling waters, colors to reproduce gorgeous landscapes and iridescent skies, power also to translate for a wondering world nature's joyous "Epithalamion."

Bacon says that the allegorical is always the highest kind of poetry. The great poems of mankind, even though simply narrative in form, always possess an inner meaning.

The towers of Ilium, however consecrated to genius, had long since been lost sight of but for the significance which clings to the wars of Troy and the wanderings of Ulysses. In the Dantean epic, from the time the poet loses himself in the wood to the glorious vision at its close, symbolic of the Triune God, the soul's deepest experiences pass before us. We see how the inner life progresses, eternally — what its aphelion is, away from God and tending to darkness, and what its perihelion, when nearing the divine.

> "The desire and will are turned,
> Even as a wheel that equally is moved,
> The love which moves the sun and other stars."

In the Fairy Queen, what is simply historic has already lost interest, but the import of its allegory is perpetual. Whether Belphœbe be Elizabeth we care not; but, that the Knight of the Red Cross, in service of his Queen, after many trials, is at last led by Contemplation to the vision of a holier city than Cleopolis, the temple of nature — *this* is of immense interest; that he descends from the celestial sight with power to find and crush at once the old dragon, is a fact worth any number of historic *data*. The exploits of Sir Guyon in search of Temperance, where he is forsaken by Reason, led by pleasure, tempted by Mammon, sees the transformation of men into beasts, are but types of every soul's efforts to achieve the true measure, the beauty of just proportion, to enter the realm where there is no

excess, but perfect harmony; where that self-control is gained which adjusts the soul to its earth-life; where it finds, at last, the "world's sweet inn of rest from pain and troublesome turmoil."

But when an inn is reached it is at best only a temporary resting-place; so even the noble Britomart must seek the true knight of the magic mirror; for even Chastity is no mere absence of passion, but a positive virtue, to be won by many disciplines.

The legends of Friendship, Justice, and Courtesy are also rich in profound wisdom, while the charm of the poet's "deep conceit" is heightened by the refined beauty of his verse. His use of antique words adds gems to his style, for "ancient, solemn words are a great ornament."

No doubt some persons would be better pleased were Spenser's ethical precepts less obvious, if something more were left to the imagination; but for most readers enough remains, "where more is meant than meets the eye," to exhaust their capacity for sibylline interpretation.

The best feminine characters of Spenser appear to me as possessing all the elements of the "pure womanly," but to some readers they have always been wanting in warm life-blood. To the poet himself they were real, for to him the ideal was the most profound of realities. These lovely personages appeared to his mental vision in a twofold glory — as representative of ideas, yet as women, instinct with life and sharing his affection. He could idealize an every-day person like Elizabeth Nagel, and see perfections denied to ancient goddesses in a plain English maiden. He gave her the rarest bridal gift:

> "A song made in lieu of many ornaments,
> With which my bride should duly have been decked."

This song is, indeed, an intoxication of ecstacy, the intensest expression ever written of a lover's delight in his bride, and only surpassed by the Song of Solomon. In

reading it now, in an after age and a far-away land, it seems to have lost none of its original enthusiasm, but still —

> "The woods make answer, and the echoes ring"

With its gushing melody. Fresh from a devoted study of Plato, he could not be overwhelmed by his vision of terrestrial love, but likewise hymns the praise of celestial love and beauty. Indeed, his whole being is transfigured by the divinity of what he sings. The poetic power wafts him into the world of pure ideal forms. His reverent spirit felt the sacred influence of all spiritual agencies, and he was a firm believer in the ministry of angels.

> "They for us fight, they watch and duly ward,
> And their bright squadrons round about us plant;
> And all for love, and nothing for reward;
> O, why should heavenly God to men have such regard."

Spenser's use of romance is of immense value in giving us materials wherewith to construct a sphere neither heavenly, nor yet purely of earth. He employs the idea of knight-errantry to give his scenes a dreamy, far-away sense of reality, yet is not forgetful of the fact that chivalry was a phase of life having foundations in human nature, vivified by one immortal principle, however its manifestations might vary. The conditions of the age always determine the form of man's service to woman, as they do also the conditions of service done by both man and woman to the true Gloriana. Let no one sigh for the return of the days when knight-errantry was the one sole light shining in the midst of an otherwise unilluminated age, but rather read Spenser, and find that no life can be too prosaic for wondrous experiences; no soul so small but it may contain all that the poet pictures of knights and ladies, enchanted forests, dragons, and palaces of gold. No age is so full of mental unrest, of materialistic tendencies, but its Archimagoes may be at last defeated, its conflicting forces resolved,

and the age, as well as the individual, perfected through trial.

But transcendent as are the ethical precepts of Spenser; strong as is the didactic element which makes him, according to Milton, a better teacher than the early fathers of the Church; full as he is of those practical maxims so dear to English hearts, he is yet most wonderful as a poet, born under golden stars, dowered with intense perceptions of the beautiful. B. P. Drury.

THE DAWN OF THE WORLD.

BY E. F. MOSBY.

The dusk of the dawn is astir with the wings
Of invisible things;
And the earth is awakened, and throbs with a strain
Betwixt passion and pain.

Then the Myths are beat out on the anvil of thought
Into outline and form;
Interfused with the fervor and might they descend,
Still glowing and warm.

With the rythmical tone of the fast-falling blows
They vibrate and stir;
But the dusk of the dawn o'ershadowed the birth
With the darkness of fear.

How strange are their shapes, now uncouth, now fair,
Of Satyr and Faun,
Of Nymph and Nereid, of Love and of Death,
Of Darkness and Dawn.

Among them appears the ineffable grace
Of Psyche the Soul,
Seeking, footsore and weary, an invisible Love,
Through darkness and dole.

In all lands a stranger, 'mid alien tongues;
Her sad eyes gaze far
On the white sail at sea — on yon dim and blue peak,
Alit with one star.

And behold, all the while is the god, Love, beside her
With invisible hands
Outstretched to defend and uphold, where pathetic
And lonely she stands.

All blind to the vision, and hearing no rustle
In the din and the strife
Of the wings of Light o'er her — true type of our sorrow,
Of love in our life!

Oh, tender, prophetic are the dreams of the dawning!
But swiftly they close,
Like snowy-winged doves o'erhead, flying Westward
In a twilight of rose.

They vanish forever — yet still, when sweet music
Awakes in the night,
We remember again, in its rythm and pauses,
The Myths of the Light.

TO MEXICO AND ISLES OF THE PACIFIC.

Recent and stirring events upon our South-western border give promise of future serious complications with our sister republic; and, unless some means can be devised to open the way to a peaceful solution of long-existing troubles along the Rio Grande, there can be only one result, and that a war, with indemnity of half a dozen states of Northern Mexico to the stronger power, to pay the expenses of invasion and subsequent loss of treasure.

Perhaps it will come to that at last. Yet a people anxious to preserve peaceful relations can accomplish a vast deal without resorting to the cannon-ball and bayonet.

Have the United States made use of all the means necessary to preserve peace with Mexico without compromising the honor of the nation? Perhaps, if we are judicious, the marvellous wealth of Mexico can be poured into our laps without the waste of human life. It is barely possible that the policy inaugurated by our government toward Mexico

is a wise one; but the facts in the case, and later experience, do not point that way.

It is by no means a demonstrated fact that our efforts to work out this problem have been judiciously and wisely directed. An army of 50,000 Americans might march from the Rio Grande to the center of the republic of Mexico, and enter the gates of the city of the Montezumas in triumph. That accomplished, the real difficulties would begin. Fifty thousand troops, for a period of ten years, would be required to hold the towns and keep the people in subjection. And what then? Why, a garrison in every considerable town for a quarter of a century. That, or annihilation, or the absorption of the Aztec race. It took 300 years for Spain to subjugate the Mexicans. But let us fling a few pebbles into the sea of substantial speculation, and watch the concentric circles as they widen; in other words, let us drift into living facts, and search for a way.

We have at a large cost made surveys of the Isthmus of Panama, and of Tehuantepec, and of the Amazon, and of the Dead Sea, and other points beyond the sea, all the while closing our eyes to the richer and better field at our very doors. Congress, within the last year, refused to appropriate the pittance of $25,000 to make a survey through the almost unknown regions of Mexico, to find a way by rail to the Pacific somewhere near the foot of the Gulf of California. At the same time we are maintaining an army upon the border of our sister republic, at an immense cost. This, under existing circumstances, is probably necessary; but the appropriation, with subsequent wise and energetic action, would, in my mind, have been the most economical, and at the same time efficacious, remedy for the "*Libre Zone*" disorders.

Mexico and the United States are in dire need of regular and remunerative employment for their population.

How far, then, would the nationalization of a diversified

system of industries go to save the two republics of this continent from brigandage and local revolution? Highways of intercourse and exchange must precede successful agriculture and varied employment.

Railways annihilate space and multiply forces. In the wake of these come those things which make nations great, rich, and intelligent. I know something of the people of Mexico and her institutions, and believe that her redemption from anarchy and misrule must be effected through the influences inaugurated by the locomotive.

Some time — soon, under the existing state of affairs — the United States will be called upon to exercise a controlling influence over that country. It seems to me that we shall have to choose as to the mode of exercising the same. Commerce makes friends of nations — conquest never does. Can we not, then, exert this influence without humiliating our sister republic? Military operations will prove a most extravagant waste of public treasure, and should only be adopted as a last resort. A liberal system of railways into that country would pour much of the almost fabulous wealth of the richest portions of Mexico into the United States. It would do more than that for us. It would give employment to thousands of honest people in our country, who are now literally begging for work; and it would confer its benedictions upon both countries. It would prove a bond of peace, and instead of slaughter and the acquisition of territory, it would place the United States before the world as the "magnanimous benefactor of a weak sister republic."

But ignoring, for the present, considerations of this character, let me ask how we can keep up the activity of our manufacturing districts unless we secure a market for our productions. Our forges, furnaces, and machine-shops are silent, and hundreds of thousands of men are idle by reason of it. And why? Because there is no demand for the

products of these industries. That we have not a market is due to our own lethargy. We are not a stupid people, and yet our policy in respect to Mexico savors of stupidity.

The foreign commerce of the countries south of the United States on the American continent aggregates $525,000,000. Our share of this is but one-fourth, of which only thirty-seven million dollars' worth is transported in American vessels and under the American flag.

The importations of Cuba into the United States amount to about $120,000,000, and our exports reach only one-third of that sum.

Of the Spanish-American republics, Mexico is to us one of the most important — geographically, politically, and commercially. The balance of trade has always been with Mexico, but that was owing to our neglect — nothing more. Our imports from there consist of coffee, hides, goat and deer skins, logwood, fustic, llama wools, mahogany, rose, and cedar woods, sisal grass, tampico hemp, cochineal, vanilla, sarsaparilla, sugar, jalap, argentiferous, lead and onyx. Mexico, in return, takes almost every thing we manufacture, except woollen goods and furs. The total trade of Mexico is $55,000,000.

During the last five years we imported from that country five times as much as England did; yet our export was about the same as that of England. This is our own fault. Surely we should sell to Mexico as much as we buy. Our trade, indeed, with that country is capable of almost indefinite extension, if we but foster existing relations.

The interior commerce of Mexico amounts to $500,000,000 annually, and is carried upon the backs of mules over bridle trails and winding paths. She has an estimated silver coin circulation equal in amount *per capita* to the circulation of the mixed currency, bank and government, in the United States.

The Mexican nation is driven to enforced idleness by the same cause which produces pauperism in our own country,

and that is, high *interest* for money, "by which productive industries are taxed out of existence."

National economy does not consist in non-expenditure, but in the employment of the nation's labor by diversifying the nation's industries. Who knows but that Mexico may yet demonstrate this fact.

Mexico has vast undeveloped resources. She can furnish us at less cost every article which we receive from the West Indies and Central America, and will take our manufactured goods for the entire $250,000,000 we pay to Cuba and Central America for the products of those countries. Last year we imported tropical fruits which cost $11,000,000; sugar and tobacco, $9,000,000; hides, $28,000,000; tin, $17,000,000. Each of these articles can be furnished by Mexico. The coffee crop of the world is 1,000,000,000 pounds. The United States consumes one-third of this entire product, for which we pay $51,000,000. Since 1860 the price of coffee has nearly doubled, and yet the area of its cultivation has remained nearly stationary. This article springs spontaneously from a large portion of Mexican soil. It flourishes at sea level and at an elevation of 4,500 feet. The area suited to its culture is equal to that now used by Brazil. The cultivation of coffee has but begun in Mexico. In 1871 that country exported about seven hundred thousand pounds, and last year the exportation was *eight* times that amount. The Orizaba, Cordova, and Tepic coffees equal the Java and Mocha in quality. Last year Mexico exported $700,000 worth of sugars, while the year previous she exported none. So, also, she exported vanilla to the value of $500,000, and the year previous none.

In Mexico we have, figuratively speaking, the Indies at our very door. Within a day's ride of the Mississippi basin there is a vast country whose history and wealth are simply marvellous. With 862,000 square miles, equal in extent to twenty-five states east of the Mississippi river, her nine millions of people wait to exchange their sugars,

coffees, fruits, tobacco, woods, etc., for our manufactured articles. And what is the fact? Why, that for the fifteen years last past we have taken not a single step to foster an interchange of our industries with theirs.

Mexico has no navigable rivers, few good harbors, and has an inland traffic of $500,000,000 over barbarous highways. She has but 400 miles of railway, and should have 20,000 miles. The San Antonio Railway Company is now receiving and delivering freight regularly, which is hauled by oxen and mules from seven to nine hundred miles. This freight is the ore, bullion, hides, wool, and wheat of Northern Mexico. What a vast field for a railway into that unexplored stretch of inexhaustible riches.

It is time for us to look for new markets, and seek new channels of trade, else our workshops and furnaces must silence their hammers and put out their fires. First of all, we ought to open avenues of trade with the nations of our own continent. We have closed our eyes to the Eden near us, and looked out beyond. We go to the far East for oranges when Mexico is a vast orchard. We go to Sicily for sulphur, when we can get the same article at half the cost in Mexico. For fifty miles along the railway west of Vera Cruz the land is covered with the decayed leaves of a plant whose fibres would furnish paper material for the world. Minister Ramacona declares that no country in the world can furnish coffee, sugar, and tobacco to us as cheaply as Mexico can. Those who saw, at the Centennial, the specimens of Mexican marble, will join the writer in saying that Mexico produces an article equal to that of any country.

I will venture to say, then, that Mexico is the largest and richest country in the world, unoccupied by railways. Why should not *we* occupy it? We have the influences and material. Our iron manufacture is the largest of all our industries. In 1870 two hundred millions capital was

employed in it. Six hundred thousand persons were dependent upon this industry.

The capacity of the iron and steel works of the United States is 5,000,000 tons. The large demand comes from the railways. The present stagnation in railway building has had its corresponding depressing effects upon iron manufacture. Iron and steel makers must depend upon new railroads. The surplus of iron must go to build new roads, or the industry drifts into decay. If we wish to keep alive this industry our trunk lines must point to Mexico. The track must cross the Rio Grande and push across that country, *en route* to Central and South America.

This enterprise, properly encouraged, would open wide the doors of our furnaces and machine-shops, bring wealth to our citizens, employment to a million people, and put a stop forever to the disorder and anarchy on the border. Think of the substantial results flowing from an interchange of products between the 40,000,000 of our people and the 9,000,000 Mexicans. Taken in connection with the successful establishment of our existing ocean ferries to China and Japan, and with other movements now developing, it points to a revolution in the commerce of much of the eastern and western hemispheres. Look away upon the Pacific, at the vast population having raw material, absolute necessaries of life, to sell, which we want, while these people must have manufactured articles which we can furnish; then consider a railway connection with the Pacific at the southern terminus of the Gulf of California, — the nearest way to the Indies, — and the United States, with usual enterprise, will be as potent on the Pacific as England is upon the Atlantic.

We want the produce of the tropics without crossing the sea. Our great West will get its sugar, coffee, tobacco, rice, rum, molasses, indigo, olive oils, drugs, nuts, spices, gums, tropical fruits, cotton, cocoa, coquito, cochineal, India rub-

ber, rose and other hard woods, ropes, tarpaulins, matting, and paper (made of maguey fiber), oysters and fish, dye-woods, leather, saltpetre, ornamental earthenware, cheap horses, mules, and bullion from Mexico, and in return will send back plows, shovels, cooking-stoves, brooms, mining machinery, brick machinery, wagons and carriages, general hardware, tools, steel, wire, guns and pistols, pipe, furniture, hams, cheese, lard, cotton goods, and innumerable other articles that are needed.

The sum total of Mexico's manufactories are, forty-seven cotton, eight woollen and eight paper mills, and three foundries.

But we are entitled to a share of the trade with the Pacific. A route through Mexico will give this to us, by a line the quickest and least interrupted that is possible across our continent.

The quickest time for transportation, all things being equally free from obstacles, would be on a line having the shortest water and the longest land distance. The converse, however, is true, if the economy of expenditure is considered. For instance: To move a ton of wheat 100 miles by rail, costs as much as to ship it 2,300 miles on the ocean. Now, St. Louis is over 300 miles nearer a good harbor on the Pacific, half-way between Guaymas and Mazatlan, than to San Francisco; hence, a ton of wheat could be sent from St. Louis to this point on the Pacific, and 7,500 miles over the ocean into Japan, China, and East India, at a cost in freightage no greater than would put it on the quays at San Francisco. In point of fact, Asia, Australia, and the isles of the Pacific are nearer the United States, by way of the port of Topolorampo, before mentioned, on the Pacific, than to Europe. Besides this, we must consider the trade of Lower California, the Gulf of Cortez, Central and South America, if government and individual enterprise should open the highway indicated.

The harbor of Topolorampo is the best on the Pacific

coast, and capacious enough to shelter a thousand ships. The depth of bar at low water is twenty-one feet. The way hither is open to us. We have but to ask a concession from the Mexican government, and it will be granted.

On the Pacific Coast, from San Blas to Guaymas, there are 47,000 square miles of land fitted for horticultural purposes. It is equal in extent to Cuba, and capable of producing all and every thing that Cuba produces. In that locality they raise three crops a year. The cocoanut tree yields a harvest every three months, and the lucern clover grows to the height of two feet, and is cut every forty-five days. "Even upon the mountain-side," says a writer on Mexico, "you have but to tickle the ground with a hoe, and it laughs with a harvest." Sonora wheat yields from seventy to a hundred fold, and has the merit of keeping perfectly sweet for a longer time in a hot climate than any flour known. Even the cotton-plant propagates itself after it is once planted, while it is of extra-fine fiber. In Sonora, Sinaloa, Chihuahua, and other northern states of Mexico, cattle and horses are raised in immense numbers. The herds feed upon the grasses and roam abroad all the year. Pines flourish on the Sierra Madre, and oak, rose, cedar, and mahogany on the lower levels. Each year the rivers overflow their banks, making fertile the lands for miles beyond. The Balson, from the upper terminus, can be made to blossom like an Amazon valley, as far south as the state of San Louis. From the Pacific coast back sixty miles, extending the length of the state of Sinaloa, is one almost uninterrupted garden of marvellously fertile land, and produces enormous quantities of corn, beans, sugar-cane, and fruit.

The valley of Concepcion, of Chihuahua, for ninety miles is one grand wheat field. But it is useless to make further mention of the vast fields of wealth that lay open before us.

To reach the Pacific would require 570 miles of line at an expense of $13,000,000, and the labor of 14,000 men for one year. From Eagle Pass, or Larendo, on the Rio

Grande, to Leon, would require 700 miles of road, but one line from the Rio Grande to the Bolson, a distance of 120 miles, would suffice for both roads; hence, 580 miles on the main stem and 570 on the Pacific branch would aggregate 1,150 miles of road, at a cost of $22,000,000, and the labor of 23,000 men for a year.

Let the starting-point be somewhere on the Rio Grande, thence west to the Bolson, or plain, at an elevation of 4,000 feet (the starting-point being 1,600 feet above the sea level), the Pacific branch passing straight through the Sierra Madre to Topolorampo, and the main stem, curving to the left at the point above indicated, traverses the plain for several hundred miles, then the broken ranges about Zacatecas, on the Leon, a point 280 miles from the Mexican capital. The road from the capital to Leon is being built by an English and Mexican company. This line, when completed, would close the gap between St. Louis and the City of Mexico.

The concession can be had for the asking. Moreover, the same provisions in the grant can be procured as those obtained by the New York company, to wit: the payment by the Mexican government of $15,000 for each mile of road when completed, beside a bonus of $2,000,000 if the work is finished within five years.

The Mexican government also permits all utensils, stock, iron, rolling-stock, and material used in building, to pass the custom-house free of duty. She ensures immunity from taxes for twenty years, and allows the company free use of timber on the route.

The expenditure for constructing the road per mile, considering the several hundreds of miles of dead-level down the Bolson, and the easy grade from the foot of the Sierra Madre to the Pacific, cannot exceed the cost of building the Missouri Pacific, and that was $22,000 per mile. The cost will not reach this figure, or any thing like it. Now, if the Mexican government pays $15,000 per mile, the undertaking does not look so very gigantic after all. Labor

in Mexico is cheap and abundant; hence to make the road-bed and put the ties upon it would not cost much cash capital. Engineers have estimated the cost for first-class steel track-way, with equipment, at $15,000 per mile on the table sections, and $20,000 in the mountain passes. An eminent American engineer says that a road can be built through the Sierra Madre at a less cost than through the mountains of Virginia. The difficult engineering would be in the descent from the divide to the *tierra caliente*. Up to the divide there need be no tunnelling, no deep-cut even. The pass which opens the way for a railway from the silver districts to the Pacific is through magnificent scenery. The whole country is thickly studded with oak and pine. The mountains (elevated 6,000 feet) and valleys are covered with grass. Corn and wheat flourish, fruits spring up on every hand, while the climate is delightful. It must be understood that no antagonism could exist between this road and the road from Texas to San Francisco. Indeed, this road would be one of the most affluent feeders of the Texas road and of the Southern and Southwestern roads.

I might proceed further and fortify the enterprise indicated by reciting the conclusion of the distinguished engineer, A. K. Owen, and the notes of Colonel Eugene Leitensdorfer, who traversed almost every mile of the proposed routes; but why extend the article?

The vision of a prophet is not needed to foretell the result of uniting by rail the hearts of these two nations. Along the line would soon be gathered a thriving business population, forcing life and prosperity upon adjacent sections. Commerce is a great pacificator. Better put the millions expended in the maintenance of an army on the border into railways passing through our sister republic.

Stimulate the national prosperity of Mexico and the United States by the benefactions following in the wake of the great civilizer—the locomotive engine. Mutual profit is a wonderful panacea for brigandage, lawlessness and anarchy.

The possession of some five or six of the Northern Mexican States, with their marvellous wealth of mineral, soil and position, would be an accession to our territory far outstripping the conceptions of the masses of our people. But having some years' personal acquaintance with the Mexican people, and aware of the tenacity with which they cling to all Mexican territory, I see no peaceful way of acquiring this coveted land.

In the near future, perhaps, as before stated, this country will have to assume some sort of control over Mexico. And though we may feel it our duty to save these people from themselves, it will be done at the sacrifice of a vast amount of treasure and the sacrifice of human life. It would be infinitely better to let the locomotive pioneer the way to a permanent peace and the introduction of a thrifty civilization in place of the inertia of the present lethargic races. Trade is more efficacious in uniting nations, suppressing disorder, and levelling the prejudices of civilization than forts and cannon-balls.

We have thousands of men "tramping" over the land. We have social disorders. We have this day a half million industrious, honest men in our country who cannot procure work; and we have thousands who suffer from hunger. Build the Texas and San Francisco road. Start the iron-horse across the Sierra Madre to Topolorampo. Open the way by rail to the City of Mexico and set these unemployed men at work. Let the chimneys of our silent furnaces blaze; let the hewers of wood and sons of toil be made happy by giving them work and food. And when the engine speeds its way across the prairies and the Rio Grande into the land of Montezuma, dropping its pioneer husbandman, artisan, and mechanic at every station on its route, who will deny that a peacemaker more potent than the Gatling gun is on its Western and Southern journey? Who can correctly estimate the importance of the commerce that

must grow out of this railway enterprise to Mexico and the isles of the Pacific? It will be greater than that which was the boast of Venice "when she held the gorgeous East in fee."

ENRIQUE PARMER.

OTTO THE WELF AND PHILIP THE HOHENSTAUFFEN.

Philip of Suabia, "an Emperor's brother, and an Emperor's child," the son of Barbarossa, and the brother of Henry VI., and appointed guardian of Henry's son, young Frederic, received the news of the emperor's death, while on his way to his ward in Sicily. He was at first in doubt whether to proceed onward in his journey, or return to Germany and assume the crown for his boy-nephew (who had been elected king of Germany in his early infancy at Henry VI.'s special request, or rather received the oaths of fealty from the German princes); but news of rebellious movements in Germany speedily determined him to pursue the latter course. He arrived on the German side of the Alps toward the close of the year 1197, and found that the report brought to him had been but too true. His enemies—or rather the enemies of the Hohenstauffen family, generally,—had already received the news of the Emperor's death, and concentrated their influence for the succession upon Otto of Brunswick, the younger son of Henry the Lion; the elder son being then in Palestine. Otto had energetically entered into the scheme, and been greatly encouraged by the support of his uncle, King Richard of England. Thus the Welfs were once again pitched against the Hohenstauffen, the stake being, this time, nothing less than for the immediate possession of the German Kingdom, and ultimately the crown of the Holy Roman Empire. Philip, however, had

of the two contestants the great advantage of a sweet, amiable temperament, which made him friends amongst all classes of people, while Otto was disposed to be hot-tempered, and even brutal. On Philip's arrival in Germany he soon won over to his side a large number of the German princes and most of the prelates of his kingdom; and — an important acquisition — engaged the chivalrous Philip August of France, the bitter enemy of Richard of England, to espouse his cause. He had also the good fortune to obtain possession of the genuine jewelled crown of the German Empire, to which a superstitious veneration had been attached in the course of time.

Otto, however, was likewise on the alert. On July 12, 1198, he caused himself to be crowned King of Germany, at Aachen, by the Archbishop of Cologne — false jewels having been prepared for the occasion to imitate those in the genuine crown. Hearing this, Philip convened a Diet at Mayence, where he and his wife, the beautiful Irene, were crowned with the genuine crown, on September the 8th, of the same year. This coronation has been charmingly commemorated by Walter von der Vogelweide, — who was an intimate personal friend of Philip, and often gave him sound advice, both in verse and prose, — in the following little saying:

"The crown is older far than good King Philip is,
Therein you all may see a wonder; even this:
How could the smith have made it him so fitting?
His fine imperial head becometh it so well
That no one now can break or separate the spell;
Neither detracts, but each gives the other greeting,
Aye, both each on each other glow,
The precious jewel on the young sweet man sits so,
That this eye-pleasure gladdens all our princes.
If one yet doubts, who's Lord and King,
Let him behold the Orphan in the crown's gold ring!
That precious stone our princes' choice evinces."

The "Orphan" alluded to, was the name of the most precious stone in the imperial crown, given to it because of its solitary position and its unparalleled size and value. "*Or-*

phanus," says Albertus Magnus "*est lapis, qui in corona romani imperatoris est, neque unquam alibi visus est: propter quod etiam orphanus vocatur.*"

Besides Walter von der Vogelweide, there were present at the coronation a number of other Minnesingers, the most illustrious of the time indeed, and some of whom, then yet in the first bloom of their youth and art practice, rendered so illustrious the subsequent reign of the young boy in his Palermo cradle, whom Philip represented in that coronation — Frederic Hohenstauffen, the Second, the greatest ruler that ever graced German throne. The foremost of these Minnesingers, and indeed of the whole galaxy of Knight Minstrels of that century, Sir von Hagenau, has unfortunately left no memorial of his genius and skill to us; but his name has been immortalized by his great pupil, the sweet singer of the story of Tristan and Isolde, Gottfried von Strassburg, who, in a famous passage of that renowned epic, appoints von der Vogelweide to the leadership of the choir of minstrel "nightingales," as they loved to call themselves, but ranks Hagenau as the foremost of all.

Gottfried, too, was present at the festival, and, like the rest of his merry companions, chanted the beauty of the summertime and the glory of his lady-love. In cheerful rivalry they sang the following:

MINNESONG.

By Gottfried von Strassburg.

How glorious is the time
When April towards May draws daily
Nearer with his gladdened eye!
Then up in joy sublime
Rise earth and heaven; then couple gaily
All things that walk, flow, or fly.
And I alone should one remain?
Self-doubled without her I ne'er shall be,
Who in my heart has sweetly lain!
In mouth sweet flavor
Stays forever
Wondrously with me.

Dear woman of rare worth,
God o'er all creatures thee made present
Of a worthiness most rare!
What soul would love bring forth
Must hold thy name, woman, so pleasant,
Nothing could he wish more fair.
Than woman is there better aught?
To that I never can be brought t'agree.
Than woman's name and body naught
The world holds sweeter!
Though begetter
Of great grief in me!

I inconsiderate!
Where go my words, where go my senses,
When with my dear love I am?
I say nor this nor that!
So dumb strike me her wondrous glances!
All my mind leaves me, for shame!
Then if I needs must speak at last,
I can but little say my suit t'advance.
All shy I grow and all shamed-faced!
But afterwards can I
Do wonders — when I
Am beyond her glance!

What help me speeches fair?
With one word she their flow has settled;
Answering pertly: "I will not!"
Shall I thereat despair?
No, I will not; for who gets nettled
Never's known to accomplish aught.
But I will try her once again,
And in her service will not spare me now;
Her goodness this demands amain;
Aye, e'en to Babel,
Were I able,
Love, for thee I'd go!

Were summer but so good
The fair one all its glorious pleasures
To let gloriously enjoy!
What pleases eye or mood
And men's minds look upon as treasures,
Therewith fortune her should cloy.
Whatever green from the earth up-grows,

Or from above reaches the dew's sweet spray —
Leaf, clover, grass and rose,
The birdlets' singing —
Should be bringing
Her kind greeting aye.

Her mouth rose-colored,
And shapely eyes so brightly beaming,
Thereto form of perfect mould,
Quite often make me sad
And secret sorrow o'er my heart set streaming.
This, love, to thy mind unfold;
Aye, soften me this life with gladness,
Offering me right quickly thy fair hand;
Or else must I be drowned in sadness!
Keep this in mind, love!
Aye, unbind, love
And let loose thy band!

SUMMER SONG.

By the Butler von Limpurg.

Be welcome, Lady Summertime,
Be welcome thou, Sir May, us!
Who many a mood tempts high to climb,
And ties with love so gay us.
I rank my love o'er flowers' shine,
My love o'er birdlets cooing,
My love must be the love of mine;
My love persists in suing,
And woe to me should love leave off her wooing!

Full many a sort of color has
Sir May, amidst his things here:
The rapturous heather's lissome grass,
And manyfold flowers forth-brings here.
They're gold, green, red; they're brown, white, blue;
They've grown up in rare splendor;
The birds their songs pitch high-tuned, too!
And youth and love grow tender,
Nor have I sung in vain, if she'll surrender.

My love does so much beauty show,
To sing which is sweet duty!
My love is love, and is not woe!
My love is rarest beauty!

My love is glad; this boast I loud!
My love shows virtue's favor;
My love is of true bliss the abode:
May God protect her ever!
She must my love with love to bless endeavor.

SPRINGTIME AND LOVE.

By Sir Conrad von Kirchberg.

Dewy leaves, brown, yellow flowers pretty,
May's enchanting art brings forth midst grasses,
And the lark aireth her tuneful ditty
Till the sound up through the high clouds passes;
At the same time you hear unconcealed,
Everywhere o'er lawn and dale,
Sweetest song of nightingale:
Thus nurse I my yearning grief unhealed.

Stones and herbs are full of virtues precious,
And in words I'll duly ring their praises.
With her words my dear, if fairly gracious,
Might of heart-love show me some kind traces.
Sweet are words of love, by love-mouth spoken,
Sweetly spoken from the heart.
Ah! what love would be his part,
Who from heart-love could win true love's token!

Living color of a rosy redness
Show her blooming cheek and chin well rounded;
If her virtues, truth, and quiet gladness
Force me to love her with love unbounded,
Is it not the fault of Venus, maiden?
Amor, is thy torch aglow?
Force in this I do not know!
Heart-love is pure love with gold o'erladen.

He whose heart floats high on joys broad pinions,
May, and ought to, keep up glad appearance;
I, while life lasts, stay in grief's dominions,
Ne'er in all my years got I endearance
From the loved one, I, rejected claimant!
Hence in sorrow must I pine,
She's so good, the lady mine,
If she would she might make fit repayment.

After finishing their songs the minstrels put aside their rotes and harps, and such of them as had devoted their time to the study of legends and romances, recited passages

from the romances of King Arthur's Round Table, and Charlemagne's Peers of France, which were then taking the place of the old Nibelungen and Gudrun traditions in the minds of the people, while crowds gathered around to listen with rapt attention. In one part of the royal headquarters, a dreary, dark-visaged man, of somewhat foreboding countenance, was telling the mystic story of Sir Percival in search of the St. Graal, which had recently been set in circulation by some knights from Spain: this was Wolfram von Eschenbach, who had come with the Landgrave Herrman of Thüringen, his patron, to attend the coronation. In another quarter, sat the golden-haired, light-hearted Gottfried, reciting the most passionate parts from his magnificent version of Tristan and Isolde; while a third party of listeners, the elder and graver portion of the assembly, listened with devout attention to the aged old crusader, Hartmann von der Aue, who had just finished the Golden Legend of Poor Henry.

From Mayence, Philip with his followers marched straightway upon Otto. Victory followed his banners, and by Christmas next year, 1199, he was able to reach Magdeburg, where he gave a great court festival, which likewise has been celebrated by the poets of that time. The following saying on the subject, by Walter von der Vogelweide, gives a gracious picture of the occasion:

There went one day — the day our Lord was born on earth,
By that rare maid whom he had called to give him birth—
To Madgeburg, King Philip of renown.

There went an Emperor's brother, and an Emperor's child,
Three dignities united thus upon him smiled:
He bore the Emperor's sceptre and its crown.

His gait was stately, slow, not quick;
A noble Queen followed him graciously and meek:
Rose without thorn, love without gall, rare treasure!

Such Queenly presence ne'er was seen!
The Saxons and the Thüringens showed there, I ween,
A zeal that gave the wise men mickle pleasure.

Philip's wife, Irene, was indeed as much beloved in Germany as her husband. Her gentle, virgin-like manner had endeared her to the hearts of the people, and won her the name "Mary." This is the reason why the poet calls her a rose without thorns, and a dove without gall, terms usually addressed only to the Virgin Mary in the poetry of that age.

In spite of his first success, Philip found it a difficult matter to make permanent headway. Civil war had, indeed, broken out in every part of the kingdom, and its fury was aggravated by the religious prejudices which entered in the strife. Innocent III., a man after the style of the great Gregory, had, after the death of Celestinus III., on January 8, 1178, mounted the Papal throne, and now hastened to take advantage of the occasion, which presented itself, to counteract the series of rare fortunate events that had fixed the Hohenstauffen family more firmly in possession of the Holy Roman Empire than it had everheld; and which had extended the direct dominion of that family over all Southern Italy, giving it thus complete control over the Papal territory.

One of the ablest of the Popes, Innocent was also one of the most fanatic. One of the youngest elevated to that supreme position — he was thirty-seven years old when elected Pope — he was also one of the most ambitious. He never left out of view the idea, which Gregory had implanted in the Roman Catholic priesthood — and which, unhappily, deprives still at this day the tree of pure piety and religious devotion in Rome of its best and strongest nourishment in the soil of the human heart — to extend the power of the Roman Church over the Christian world, and that world to recognize the Roman Pope as the Infallible Head of that Church. By birth, Innocent was a noble. He had been well brought up, was fond of scientific studies, extremely industrious, unusually learned for his age, and eloquent in speech. A strong touch of misanthropy crops

out in his character, and reveals itself in many of his writings. In other words, his saintliness was not of the really religious nature, born of the heart and thirsting for unity with God and self-sacrifice for humanity, but was rather of the puritan description, a Cromwellian, supremely selfish worldliness, or, rather, mere earthiness, with barely a smile for the sky beyond. It was a religious spirit — not like that of the Peruvian Incas, which worshipped the Deity with beautiful garlands, and presents of fruits and grain, in the temple of the Sun — but like that of the bloody priesthood of the Mexican Aztecs, who made themselves an image of their God in the shape of a hideous monster, Huitzli Puitzli, and lashed themselves into the belief that this creation of theirs gloried in the groans and tortures of human sacrifices, which they accordingly offered up to Him by hundreds of thousands every year, even as Innocent established the Inquisition to gather victims for the fancied glorification of his grim God. Nevertheless, it is said that his election in the conclave was the suggestion of three mild-eyed doves that had flown into the chamber, and one of whom, a white one, settled on his shoulder.

In his outward appearance he was short of stature, redeemed, however, by an imposing gait and carriage, and nobly-cut features. His manners were courteous, though somewhat betraying his disputateous temper — the growth of his scholastic education.

The circumstances that gave Innocent a plausible pretext for interference with the affairs of the German Empire, occurred soon after his election. Constance, the wife of Henry VI., and mother of young Frederic, died at Palermo, on November 27, 1198, when the boy was only four years old, and appointed Innocent the guardian of her son. It was, therefore, quite natural that both Philip, as the uncle of Frederic, whom he supposed the Pope would favor on account of his being now Fredric's guardian, and Otto, as a Welf, and consequently as a political friend of the Pope,

should agree to lay their claim to the German crown before Innocent, and to abide by his decision.

But Innocent was too wily to settle the dispute in unnecessary haste. Fully aware of the temporary superior strength of the Hohenstauffen party in Lombardy, where the Papacy had of late become quite unpopular, and aware, also, of the hostility which the German prelates, and the German people in general, had shown toward every Pope who had attempted to interfere too closely with their home affairs, Innocent felt reluctant to recognize Otto openly. At the same time he was determined not to espouse the cause of Philip, unless some arrangement could be made whereby the Hohenstauffen rule in the two Sicilies might be shorn of its power to crush the temporal power of the popes, by acting in conjunction with the German Empire, and he found a very plausible excuse for not deciding for either Otto or Philip, by advancing the independent prior claim of young Frederic, the legally elected King. Acting upon these motives and on these pretexts, Innocent postponed his decision until 1201, when he finally declared, on July 3d, in favor of Otto; having first received a solemn oath, which pledged Otto to strict adherence to the Pope's advice in his government measures, and to the maintenance and extension of the temporal possessions of the Holy See. Nevertheless a majority of the German princes, and by far the greater number of the German prelates, remained true to Philip.

And now real civil war began to rage all over Germany. There was little else to be noted by the chroniclers in the cloisters of that time but fighting, murder, plunder and pillage. The Minnesingers chanted nothing but lamentations, unless, indeed, they uttered doleful and warning sayings, of which those by Walter von der Vogelweide shine forth as notable specimens of genuine patriotism, in curious poetical art form.

I append some of the latter, as they assist greatly in the

main object of these sketches, to give a vivid description of the political, intellectual, moral, and social life in the Holy Roman Empire during the century of the Hohenstauffen rule (1150–1250). It will be noticed that Walter speaks his mind out with the utmost freedom concerning the Pope, the clergy, and clerical doings; a fact which ought to do away with much of the prejudice in the minds of such readers as still regard the times of seven hundred or eight hundred years ago as "the dark ages," and the Catholic Church as the uncompromising foe of freedom of speech, thought, etc. The occident owes all its culture to the Roman Catholic Church; and if that church is represented in history so often as the enemy of the "temporal power," it must be kept in mind, also, that in opposing the rulers of the people it took and was compelled to take by its own interests the part of the people against the rulers, of freedom against despotism, of spirituality against temporality. The following three sayings allude directly to the conflict between Philip and Otto, and the interference of Innocent:

I.

— Upon a stone, moss-sheeted,
Cross-legged I was seated;
My arms upon my knees at rest,
Whilst in my hands, as in a nest,
Both chin and cheeks lay nicely.
Then pondered I how wisely
We in this world might move and live.
Yet could my mind no counsel give
— How we three things might gather,
And yet of them lose neither.
The two are honor and worldly good;
Either the other doth preclude.
The third 's God's grace all-shielding.
Both others over-gilding.
These would I in my heart compel!
But alas! 'tis impossible,
— That worldly good and favor
With God's great grace should ever
Into the same one heart be taken.
Path and ways have them forsaken,

For untruth lies in waiting,
Force on the streets keeps prating,
And peace and right are deeply gored.
The three can have no safe protection till peace and right are quite restored.

II.

— I heard a water skimming,
And saw the fishes swimming;
I saw what in the world there was:
Fields and woods, leaves, reeds, and grass.
What crawleth and ascendeth,
And feet to th' earth down-bendeth.
This saw I, and I tell you that
None of these things live without hate.
— The beasts, and e'en the crawling
Worms e'er are fighting and bawling.
Nay, even the birds. Yet still I see
That in one thing they do agree:
They know they'll ne'r be righted
Unless they are united.
Hence king and law they choose by a word,
And order servant-man and lord.
— Ah woe thee, German nation!
How great thy degradation!
The very fly her king doth own;
And lo! thine honor goeth down!
Repent thee! O repent thee!
Thy selfish princes rent thee!
Too many kings press thee, alack!
O Philip, take the Emperor's crown, and tell the others to stand back!

III.

— My eyes saw men and women
Hold stealthy speech in common;
Then did I hear and did I see
What all the world did secretly.
At Rome they were untiring,
Two kings to quarrel inspiring.
Therefrom the worst war 'rose and raged,
That ever man at any time waged;
— Dividing into factions
The priests' and the laymen's sections.
It was a dread above all dread,
Both soul and body then lay dead;
The priests fought e'en like gay men,
But there were more of laymen.
Then laid they down their swords disgutsted,

And 'gain used priestly arms, more trusted.
— They banned e'en whom they wot to,
And not Him whom they ought to.
Then felt God's dwellings their dread spell,
I heard from far off in a cell
Great wailing my way straying:
A cloister-monk was praying;
To God he uttered his soul's gloom:
"Alas, the Pope is far too young — O Lord, help Thou Thy Christendom!"

There are some others, referring in more general terms to the condition of the times:

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

Sleepers arise, now nears the day,
Of which may well stand in dismay
Jews, Pagans, aye, and Christians, all in common.
We many of the signs have seen,
From which its coming we can glean,
As Holy Writ, too, has foretold its summon:
The sun its glorious face has blackened,
Sin goes scattering seeds, unslackened,
On every highway, far and wide.
The father in his own child untruth findeth,
The brother his own brother swindles,
Spiritual life to monk's-gown dwindles,
Instead of being to heaven our guide.
Force ruleth all; the law no court now bindeth;
'Tis time, indeed, to stem the tide.

MISERABLE CONDITION OF THE WORLD.

Ah! woe thee, world, how bad thou stands!
How many things work still thy hands,
Which most unpleasant are for us to suffer.
Thou truly art without all shame!
God knows, I'm forced thee thus to blame;
Thy manners grow to all men ever rougher.
What honors didst to us thou measure?
No one sees thee spending pleasure,
As was erst thy custom, sure!
Woe thee! how have our mild hearts offended?
Above them rankst thou the vile, wealthy.
World, thou art so sore unhealthy,
That I to speak't cannot endure,
Truth and steadfastness are vilely handed;
Nor is there hope for any cure.

A BAD EXAMPLE.

Whose heart in these times does not turn astray,
When e'en the Pope in Rome to infidels gives way,
By blessed spirit and God's love must be protected.
And now behold the priest's dark work and what they have enacted.
In former times their teaching was with pure works joined,
But now the two are far in other way combined;
For now we see them acting wrongly, wrongly hear them speaking,
From whom we good example would be seeking.
Hence, we dull laymen find all hopes departed,
Aye, e'en my cloister-monk[1] has grown faint-hearted.

CONTRADICTION BETWEEN CLERICAL WORDS AND WORKS.

Aye, Christendom was never in such wav'ring mood!
For those who ought to teach us, are bare of every good.
This'd be too much, chanced it to stupid laymen —
They steep themselves in sin, and hence, hates God these stray men.
They point us towards heaven, and themselves go down to hell;
They say that all who'd follow but their fine words well,
And not their works, would doubtless heaven's prize them gain.
But I maintain that priest more chaste than laymen should be fain,
For in *what* book have they read, friend, can you explain,
That they should every pretty woman's ruin plan?

WRETCHED TIMES.

By Sir Henry von Ruegge.

The world to destruction is hurrying in madness,
A miracle 's chanced to the men that now live;
Where two are rejoicing there four mock their gladness:
Now were they but wise they might right well perceive,
How all this dull grimness has made me so dhu.
Now ask they me daily
Why I sing not gayly,
And yet care had silenced them long before too!

The world has from gladness so utterly parted,
That not the fourth man now enjoys its full health.
Both Christians and Jews, e'en the heathen, faint-hearted,
Now think upon nothing but gain and vile wealth,
And how to acquire much; and yet they should know,
At death they must leave it.
That men rarely rivet
Their service to woman's love, also brings woe.

[1] This cloister-monk is the same hermit alluded to in Saying III.

Now those who their service keep women denying,
  Shall nevermore taste their sweet greeting and love;
Nor to their complaints will they find me replying,
  Then let them, or not, as their motives may move.
Where you find one woman that's not of true mood,
    Some three or four surely
    You'll find, who securely
Through life pass and always are pretty and good.

A LAMENT.

By Sir Tanhuser.

Before this, things stood so with me, that e'en the best confessed me,
  A gentleman with all the folk; then had I good friends many;
Now all those turn their backs on me, who gladly then addressed me;
  For I have lost my worldly wealth, shy greet me scarcely any.
My matters have taken such a shape, that I seem glad to avoid him,
  Who formerly avoided me; I ran as I espied him.
They now my hosts are each of them, who once as guests did cheer me,
  And yet I am the same I was since twenty years came near me.
Now I am guest and rarely host; ah, life is so unsteady!
  If you believe't not, hold yourself to do as I did ready.

For a long time the issue of the contest seemed in doubt. Innocent came to Otto's assistance with an excommunication of Philip's adherents, but ineffectually. Fortune turned in favor of Philip, who at last made steady headway. In 1205 he was recrowned at Aachen, the regular place for the coronation of the German kings. Otto, deserted by nearly all his followers, left for England, to implore the assistance of King John; while Philip opened negotiations with the Pope for the removal of the ban, which still kept many German churches closed. Otto succeeded in obtaining promises from King John of England, and King Waldemar II. of Denmark, an old ally of the Welfs; but Philip had meanwhile so strengthened the Hohenstauffen cause in Germany, that Otto had no longer any foothold, from which to operate against his adversary. At this juncture, when the star of the Hohenstauffen seemed about to shine forth again in all its original brilliancy, a tragic event occurred, which, for a time, threatened to shut out its light forever. This was

the assassination of Philip, while at Bamberg to perfect arrangements for final peace with the Welf faction. During his stay at that city he celebrated (June 21, 1208) the marriage of Beatrice, the only daughter of his late brother Otto of Burgundy, with Duke Otto I. of Meran. After the conclusion of the marriage ceremony, Philip, not feeling very well, retired for rest to the castle of Altenburg. He was accompanied by the Bishop of Speier, and his steward, Henry of Waldburg. Conducted by them to his bedroom, he stood awhile at the window, admiring the beautiful scenery of the place. Suddenly a noise was heard at the door, and to the amazement of those present, Otto, Count of Wittelsbach, a cousin to the Duke of Bavaria, entered clamorously, sword in hand. He walked straight up to Philip, who turned around and said to him: "Put up thy sword, this is not the place to use it." "But this is the place to punish treason!" exclaimed the Count, and straightway plunged his sword into Philip. He died immediately.

The news of the murder, coming as it did at the very moment when victory and peace had been secured by Philip, caused great and general consternation; for Philip's mild and gracious manner had endeared him greatly to the German people. Nor was it forgotten that he was struck down, in the full bloom of his manhood, by one whose family owed all its wealth and position to Frederic Barbarossa, Philip's father. The Minnesingers sang the most doleful ditties, and the general gloom grew still deeper when the news came that the beautiful Irene, Philip's wife, the adored Greek idol of the Germans, whom Philip had brought home from sunny Sicily, having fled to the castle Hohenstauffen, upon learning the news of her husband's assassination, had there been prematurely confined, and that both mother and child had died. Of the whole Hohenstauffen family there was thus now only one legitimate male representative left, the boy Frederic, King of the Two Sici-

lies, and son of Emperor Henry VI., at that time in his fourteenth year.

It was but natural that suspicion should have fallen upon Otto as the instigator of Philip's death; but no proof could be established, and, indeed, no clue to the motives that prompted the deed has ever been traced. To remove this suspicion, Otto, in conjunction with the Pope, offered a large reward for the capture of Wittelsbach, excommunicated him, and confiscated all his property. His castle was razed to the ground, and a church erected on the spot. Wittelsbach, hunted and haunted, in vain sought concealment. He was observed hiding in a stable near Regensburg. He was killed, his head cut off, and his body thrown into the Danube.

Otto, now without a rival, was crowned King of Germany on November 12, 1208, at Frankfort. A thrilling scene took place on the occasion. At the moment of the coronation the Bishop of Speier led Beatrice, the twelve years old daughter of Philip, before the assembly, and there, in hearing of the whole populace, made her acquainted with the sad story of her father's assassination and her mother's death. The sobbing of the little girl moved the assembly to tears; her great grief stirred up anew the sympathy of the people for the Hohenstauffen family. This feeling soon manifested itself so strongly, that Otto was advised by his friends to heal the breach between the Guelfs and the Guibellines, for all time to come, by marrying the little Beatrice. At first, Otto pretended to have some scruples on account of his close relationship to her. He convened a council at Würzburg in May, 1209, to decide upon the question. Leopold VII. of Austria, who presided, finally rendered this decision: The marriage is allowable; but Otto must build two cloisters, as a sort of payment for the permission. To which King Otto replied: "So sound and weighty a council we may not oppose; let the maiden be called!" A number of the most distinguished princes and prelates

conducted Beatrice before Otto, who arose, put the wedding ring on her finger, kissed her, and said to the assembly: "Behold your Queen! Honor her as in duty bound!" On account of her youth, however, the marriage was not consummated at that time. Pending her growth into womanhood, Otto sent his young Queen to Brunswick, to be there educated.

Otto was now at the height of power. He established a brilliant court, where Minnesingers from all parts of Germany gathered and engaged in the pleasantest of rivalries. Walter von der Vogelweide, who had gone over to Otto after Philip's death, was of course at the head of all. He sang, amongst many others, a patriotic song, which obtained great favor.

PRAISE OF GERMANY.

Welcome, welcome, you shall greet me!
He who brings you message it is I;
Songs that heretofore seemed meet me
Were mere empty wind; *now* let me try!
But my meed give to me,
Should I deem it good;
Perhaps what I say will please your mood.
Look to 't; proper honor show me!

German women, I here tender
A fair message; aye, so fair indeed,
All the world to them must render
Homage; and for this I claim no meed.
Faith, what were befitting?
They're too grand for me,
Hence I ask them nought but mannerly,
That they send me blessed greeting.

Many countries in my travels
Saw I, and their best of manners learned,
May my life befall all evils
If my heart e'er so unwisely turned
As to take great pleasure
In their foreign ways!
What would help me, false reports and lays?
German ways transcend all measure!

From the Elbe unto the Rhine,
And again far back to Hungary,
Live the best, as I opine,
Which I ever in the world did see.
If my sight does know men
And good shape and wear,
S'help me God, I swear that women here
Better are than other women.

German men are nobly witted,
Quite like angels German women are;
Who scorns them is badly cheated,
Nor can I believe it spoken fair.
Virtue and love's graces,
He who these would find
Must come to our country and our kind —
May I long extol their praises!

Sir Burkhart von Hohenfels was also one of the noted singers at Otto's court, though his chief pleasure lay in the chase, fishing, etc. His songs are crowded with illustrations from the life of a sportsman. Here is one of them:

THE HUNTER'S SONG.

List, my heart has sent my mind
To hunt up wild game for snare;
With my mood the sky 'tis sweeping,
Nor have stayed my thoughts behind;
Being very well aware
That the game is in the keeping
Of the lady whom I service owe.
Her heart, mood, and thoughts far-ranging,
She can hide from me by aptly changing —
Greatly need I fox's cunning now.

How can I, the proud game catch?
It is quick and wise and strong!
Quick are thoughts and wind — like speeding;
Wise is man's mood on the watch;
Strength to lions does belong;
Even thus her mood I'm reading,
For her quickness bids me upward go;
But her wisdom me unreineth;
With her strength she me down chaineth.
Thus her beauty fooled me hitherto.

Sadness has with all its might
In my heart its anchor cast;
There 'gainst my high mood rebelleth,
Joy in me her sail spreads light:
Better cheer know not the blest.
Now deep in my heart she dwelleth,
And is sealed and locked therein
As the sunshine in the splendor;
Yet her string such strength does render —
Griffin's claws tear 't not, I ween.

Her bright glance upon the wing
Casts in many a way high joys;
And her greeting brings rare favor.
Her fair beauty guides the string.
Wherewith to catch thoughts she spies;
This her thoughts teach her t' endeavor
Covertly; unknown to any soul
'Tis whose thoughts she really craveth.
But Love him soon so enslaveth,
That, once caught, he's glad to pay love's toll.

Shortly after this marriage, Otto left for Italy, where, during the quarrel between Philip and Otto, the cities of Lombardy were again indulging in their customary feuds. Milan and Cremona, Venna and Mantua, Padua and Vicenza, were fighting each other in a manner to recall the days of Barbarossa, and with an animosity, cruelty, and remorselessness which only civil wars can call forth. To make the matter still worse, each separate city had a civil war of its own within its walls. The shoddy families — to use a modern expression — that had arisen of late, under the extraordinary expansion of commerce, industry, and banking of the age, gave vent to their feelings of rivalry, not in the harmless manner of making a show, of building marble palaces, and wearing braggart diamonds, which animate our mushroom aristocracy, but in deadly feuds, in vulgar street brawls, and dastardly assassinations. Whole families, such as the Salinguerra, Romano, Montikuli, etc., in Verona, were exterminated; and the Romeos and Juliets had, indeed, a woeful time of it, while Launce and his dog were philosophising about the inscrutable follies of the human

heart, with its miserable passions of envy, hatred, and belligerency ever running amuck the current of true love. It was chiefly to settle the disputes of the Romano family, in Verona, that Otto was persuaded to visit Lombardy. Looked upon as the foremost representative of the Welfs, and consequently, the foremost enemy of the Hohenstauffen family, he was received with great enthusiasm, and succeeded, partially, in restoring order in Lombardy. Proceeding onward to Rome, he was crowned Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire by the Pope, on October 4, 1209. No sooner, however, had Otto risen to the pinnacle of his glory, than his envious, conceited, and foolhardy temperament led him on to the downward road. His great strength had lain in the support of the Pope; but scarcely had he been crowned by Innocent, than Otto forgot the many and solemn pledges he had freely given to gain that support. A furious quarrel was the result; Otto going so far as to threaten an invasion of Apulia, and thus, in his blindness, provoking the anger of young Frederic, who had until then remained quietly in his kingdom of the Two Sicilies, leaving the German Empire to the undisturbed possession of Otto. Besides, Innocent was just as determined not to let a Welf gain a foothold on both sides of the Papal States, as he had opposed the same attempt on the part of the Hohenstauffen. When Otto, therefore, prepared to march upon Apulia, in November, 1210, Innocent, after long deliberation, determined to let matters come to an open breach with the grateless Welf, and levied against Otto the terrors of his ban, which, in Italy, was not so ineffectual a weapon as it had proved on the other side of the Alps.

On the receipt of this news, Otto wheeled straight around to return to Rome and punish the Pope. But on the way he received dispatches from Germany advising him of the revival of dissatisfaction with the existing state of affairs, and a growing movement in favor of placing young Frederic upon the throne, to which he had been elected in his

early childhood. Otto's quarrel with the Pope and invasion of Frederic's Apulian possessions had, no doubt, hastened this movement, and given it sudden and unexpected strength. Otto abandoned all notion of prosecuting his Italian campaign, and in November, 1211, returned to Germany. But the severe measures which he took to suppress the incipient rebellion did not tend to ingratiate him with the German people. Still, he had success in his military movements, and thus was soon in a position to enforce submission. To establish himself more firmly on his throne, he held his *Beilager* — public wedding night, or full consummation of marriage — with his young wife, Beatrice, on August 7, 1212, at Nordhausen. But, unhappily for Otto, his young Empress died a few days after the wedding. Meanwhile, young Frederic, indignant at Otto's invasion of his Southern Italian Kingdom, and instigated by Innocent, determined to punish his unprovoked aggressor. Some three years before, in 1209, he had married Constance of Arragonia, widow of King Emerich of Hungary, a marriage which had been arranged by the Pope, as giving him a better hold on the mind of the young king. In this, however, Innocent found himself eventually much mistaken. Innocent had no notion of using Frederic otherwise than as a check against the German Emperor, or of supporting him seriously in his claim to the Empire. But when a number of the prominent German princes, who were disaffected toward Otto, visited Frederic at Palermo, and requested him to be a candidate for the German throne, to which he was entitled, as they represented, not only by birth, but also by previous election, Frederic listened very seriously to their advices. His Italian counsellors were unanimous in dissuading him from the project, and his wife especially, under the advice of Innocent, implored him to remain in Italy and not lose the support of the Pope, as he must necessarily do if he, the King of the Two Sicilies, should also be elected Emperor of Germany and Lombardy. But Fred-

eric was a thorough Hohenstauffen, with a mind far beyond contenting itself with the easy, voluptuous life of Southern Italy; and, in fact, Otto's invasion, as well as the turbulent spirit of the Sicilian nobles, rendered his position there rather humiliating and disagreeable. On March 18, 1212, he took leave of his wife, after having appointed her regent of the Kingdom during his absence, and crowned his infant son, Henry, King of the Two Sicilies.

On his way to Germany he became a witness of probably the craziest freak of even that phenomenal period of human history. This was the children's crusade, which occurred in the spring and summer of 1212. The crusade was divided into two parties; the first party consisting of about 7,000 men, women, and children, led by a boy, gathered at Genoa, proclaiming everywhere that God had commanded them to rescue the Holy Land from the grasp of the Infidels. Most of this troop were seized by the Italians, and made to do servant-work. The few that were lucky enough to escape returned home. The second party was composed of about the same number, but all were boys and girls, and gathered at Marseilles, where two merchants had promised to take them across to Palestine without pay. Seven ships took the crowd aboard. Five of the ships were wrecked, and the remaining two were cast on the shores of Africa, where the poor little crusaders were sold into miserable slavery.

Frederic had considerable trouble in reaching Germany — the Lombardian enemies of the Hohenstauffen house waylaying to arrest him; but when he did arrive, his personal beauty of appearance and graciousness of manner won him the hearts of all his princes.

What was quite as important to him, at a meeting with the King of France he completely won over that monarch to his side, and received from him advances of money, of which he stood sorely in need. Otto, meanwhile, negotiated with John, of England, and arranged a joint attack

upon France. On July 27, 1214, Otto, of Germany, and Philip August, of France, met at Bouvines. A terrific battle ensued, in which Otto and Philip August fought personally against each other. Otto's army was beaten. He himself fled to Cologne, but so disgusted the citizens of that place by his ungovernable fits of passion and brutality that they expelled him from their walls. He then retired to his own Duchy of Brunswick, where he died May 19, 1218, at the castle Harsburg. He was buried in full imperial dress in the great burial place of the Welfs, at Brunswick. All the crown jewels were sent to Frederic. Otto left no heirs. But in the same month wherein the Welfish Emperor died, Frederic held at the baptismal fount the child who was to succeed both Welf and Hohenstauffen — Rudolph von Hapsburg. Meanwhile, on July 25, 1215, Frederic was crowned as Frederic II., King of Germany. He was then twenty-one years old.

At the same time he took the cross, wherein he was greatly encouraged by Innocent III., who took special pains to promote this third crusade by levying contributions on all the clergy, and promising all manner of temporal and spiritual advantages to the pilgrims.

A great number of princes and prelates promised to join him; for the prospect of conquering Palestine, and obtaining large estates there by the simple mode of confiscation, seemed brighter than ever, now that the noble Saladin was dead, and his sons were quarrelling over the great Sultan's possessions. But this crusade did not start yet for awhile.

Was it a mere chronological coincidence that at about the same time, so near as we can gather, when these strange phenomena of the crusading expeditions occurred on the European continent, the unknown continent between the two great oceans of the world witnessed an equally curious transplantation of civilization? It must have been somewhat in the thirteenth century that, in the northern part of America, the mystic race of the Toltecs suddenly

appeared in the beautiful valley of Anahuac and established the first known civilization in Mexico; while in the southern part of America the equally mysterious race of the Incas appeared on the shores of the lake Titicaca, and, marching northward, founded the astonishing fabric of the Peruvian Empire, with the most marvellously successful system of government and laws of which we have any record; an Empire wherein the sun, the representative of the Deity, arose over no poor man, but also over no idler; wherein indolence was not tolerated, but neither had privation an entering place; wherein no human being was allowed to suffer from sickness or old age, so far as human agency could alleviate him, and where the government support that gave him relief carried along with it no humiliation and shame, but where, also, no able-bodied man was permitted to pass a day without work; wherein gold and silver were more plentiful than in any other country in the world, and where yet the curse of the world, money, was unknown; nay, wherein as pure a worship of God, excepting that of pure Christianity, as is known to history was carried on for some three centuries, and where, nevertheless, priestcraft, as an organized power, had no existence. And what civilization, after all, realized the greater happiness for the greater number of men? It is a shallow trick, on the part of the supercilious conceitedness of the Europeans, merely to point to the larger store of learning which a few have gathered together, and the advance in self-consciousness, as it is called, in bitter unconscious irony, of these few, as the equivalents and a surplus in the scales against the immeasurable misery and brutal degradation of the great masses of their two thousand years of occidental life. Are the pleasures and delights produced by the genius of Shakespeare, Goethe, Kant, Raphael, and other great men for those comparative few so weighty as to overbalance the agony of the thousand millions of our race, who, during this European era of ours, have been born into and passed

out of the world amidst unspeakable wretchedness? Has not this our civilization been, so far, socially and politically — that is to say, in its two essential aspects, in its relation to the welfare and happiness of the masses of the human race — a failure? Does the glory of the invention of the telephone and of the telescope lighten up the gloom of the poor and suffering, or bring words of relief to those in despair? Let us confess that in an insane struggle for phantoms, for *future* wealth, *future* fame, and *future* happiness, we have lost sight of the real purpose of life, — life itself, present, actual life, — and that to this neglect may be ascribed all the so-called socialistic, communistic, and nihilistic outcries of an outraged humanity. It is unspeakable satire to sigh for immortality, while we know not even how to live *this* life! With what shamed-facedness must we stand before the angels of other worlds, when we shall have to confess that our whole past life has been passed in dreaming about a Hereafter; and that we had sciences of all other things, and even a science of metaphysics, before we began to think about a science of social and political government, a science of how to live.

A. E. Kroeger.

BOOK REVIEWS.

ENGLISH MEN OF LETTERS. Edited by John Mosley. Percy Bysshe Shelley. By John A. Symonds. New York: Harper Brothers. 1879.

The Harper Brothers are always early with any books which they republish, and always present them in an attractive form. This series of books upon British authors has included, so far, Johnson, Gibbon, and Shelley. Mr. Symonds was already known as a graceful writer upon literary topics, and our interest in his future efforts will certainly be increased by his Life of Shelley. Shelley certainly possessed the greatest genius of any writer later than the Elizabethan age; but, from the confusion of his intellectual beliefs with the quality of his poetry, Shelley's merits have been obscured by personal mistakes. Shelley's moral errors were intellectual, and our latest students feel satisfied that length of days should have corrected the mistakes which seem inseparable from a union of youth and pride of intellect. For those unfamiliar with Mr. Symond's style, we cite the following passage:

"To the world he presented the rare spectacle of a man passionate for truth and unreservedly obedient to the right, as he discerned it. The anomaly which made his practical career a failure lay just here. The right he followed was too often the antithesis of ordinary morality; in his desire to cast away the false and grasp the true, he overshot the mark of prudence. The blending in him of a pure and earnest purpose with moral and social theories that could not but have proved pernicious to mankind at large, produced, at times, an almost grotesque mixture in his actions no less than in his verse. We cannot, therefore, wonder that society, while he lived, felt the necessity of asserting itself against him. But now that he has passed into the company of the great dead, and time has softened down the asperities of popular judgment, we are able to learn the real lesson of his life and writings. That is not to be sought in any of his doctrines, but

rather in his fearless bearing, his resolute loyalty to an unselfish, and, in the simplest sense, benevolent ideal. It is this which constitutes his supreme importance for us English at the present time. Ours is an age in which ideals are rare, and we belong to a race in which men who follow them so single-heartedly are not common.

"As a poet, Shelley contributed a new quality to English literature — a quality of ideality, freedom, and spiritual audacity — which severe critics of other nations think we lack. Byron's daring is in a different region; his elemental worldliness and pungent satire do not liberate our energies, or cheer us with new hopes and splendid vistas. Wordsworth, the very antithesis to Shelley, in his reverent accord with institutions, suits our meditative mood, sustains us with a sound philosophy, and braces us by healthy contact with the nature he so dearly loved. But in Wordsworth there is none of Shelley's magnetism." * * * * "In none of Shelley's greatest contemporaries was the lyrical faculty so paramount; and whether we consider his minor songs, his odes, or his more complicated choral dramas, we acknowledge that he was the loftiest and the most spontaneous singer of our language. In range of power he was also conspicuous above the rest. Not only did he write the best lyrics, but the best tragedy, the best translations, and the best familiar poems of his century. As a satirist and humorist, I cannot place him so high as some of his admirers do; and the purely polemical portions of his poems — those in which he puts forth his antagonisms to tyrants, and religions, and custom in all its myriad forms — seem to me to degenerate at intervals into poor rhetoric." EDITOR.

STATISTICAL ATLAS OF THE UNITED STATES, BASED ON THE RESULTS OF THE NINTH CENSUS — 1870. By Francis A. Walker.

Part I. — Physical Features of the United States: River Systems; A. von Steinwehr. Woodlands; W. H. Brewer. Rainfall; Smithsonian Institute. Frequency of Storm-centres; United States Signal Office. Annual Mean Temperature; Smithsonian Institute. Temperature (Hottest and Coldest Weeks); United States Signal Office. Isolars; United States Signal Office. Hypsometric Sketch; A. Guyot and C. A. Schott. Coal Measures; C. H. Hitchcock. Geological Formations; C. H. Hitchcock and W. P. Blake. Part II. — Population; Social and Industrial Statistics. Area and Political Divisions; S. W. Stocking. Density of Population, 1790–1820, 1830, 1840, 1850, 1860,

1870, with Indian Reservations. Constituent Elements of Population, 1870: Colored Population (Absolute and Relative); Foreign Parentage (Absolute and Relative); Foreign Population (Absolute and Relative); Foreign Population (Special), Irish, Germans; Foreign Population (Special), British-Americans, English and Welsh, Swedes and Norwegians; Illiteracy (Total Population, and Adult White Males); Church Accommodation; Occupations of the People; Wealth; Debt, State and Local; Taxation, State and Local; Fiscal Chart (United States Government). Crops: Wheat, Rice, Tobacco, Hops, Oats, Cotton, Hay, Sugar, Corn, Dairy Products; Total Value of Agricultural Product; Improved Land in Farms. Pacific Coast Maps. Part III. — Vital Statistics: Predominating Sex; Age and Sex, Living Population, Aggregate; Age and Sex, Living Population, Native, Foreign; Birth Rate; Deaths from Consumption; Deaths from Malarial Diseases; Deaths by Age and Sex; Deaths by Month and Sex, also by Race and Nationality; Deaths from Intestinal Diseases; Deaths from Enteric, etc., Fevers. The Afflicted Classes: Blind, Deaf Mutes, Insane, Idiots, by Age and Sex. The Afflicted Classes by Race and Nationality, by Color and Nationality. List of Memoirs and Discussions: Part I. — The Physical Features of the United States; J. D. Whitney. The Woodlands and Forest Systems of the United States; W. H. Brewer. The Geological Map of the United States; C. H. Hitchcock and W. P. Blake. The Mines and Mining of the West; R. W. Raymond. The Coal Measures of the United States; C. H. Hitchcock. Part II. — The Political Divisions of the United States; S. W. Stocking. The Minor Political Divisions of the United States; S. A. Galpin. The Progress of the Nation; F. A. Walker. Population, 1780–1870; E. B. Elliott. Part III. — An Approximate Life-Table for the United States; E. B. Elliott. Relations of Race and Nationality to Mortality in the United States; F. A. Walker. A work of this kind renders special remark unnecessary, except as to its accuracy; of excellence, in this respect, there can, in the present instance, be no question. EDITOR.

THE ELEMENTS OF RHETORIC AND COMPOSITION. By David J. Hill, A. M. New York: Sheldon & Company.

The requirements of a school text-book upon rhetoric are too frequently misunderstood. Too much theory and too little atten-

tion to practice will never develop an easy or effective style. In the present work there is a pleasing absence of abstruse matter, and a careful adjustment of methods. What can be more agreeable to the intelligent pupil than a sensible statement of his necessities, accompanied by directions that will be adequate to their satisfaction? In the arrangement of the subject-matter, the author has thought best to separate the composition exercises from the matter treating the theory of rhetoric, for reasons that will prove acceptable to many teachers; but it is doubtful whether the advantages of such a course are as important as the necessary lack of continuity given to the treatment. As to the logical drift of the work too much cannot be said in the spirit of commendation. Invention and arrangement of arguments must be carried on simultaneously in order to give full effect. In the synthetical part of his treatment, the author has not attached sufficient importance to the acquisition of facility in the handling of sentences. If he thinks pupils in our high schools are able to use the simple forms of sentences without practice, his supposition must be based upon a very different experience from that which is usual. Synthesis in language forms of all kinds, of the elementary as well as of the advanced, is the constant need of classes, and in the exercises there is not much attention given to it. If the average pupil has a ready command of sentence forms, he will be much more apt to excel in writing than if he is able to organize thoughts which he finds it difficult to express. Synthesis is what we want at the outset, and synthesis on to the end of the work. Whether any changes that would tend to do away with the details of criticism would be tolerated is, at least, doubtful; but many of the rules that are given to our children could well be dispensed with. Variety, concordance, and other desirable features of style can be attained only by continued and careful sentence drill. With a full appreciation of the merits of the present work (it is far superior to any that have recently appeared), it must be regretted that it presupposes an advanced condition of the pupil-mind — more advanced, truly, than in reality exists.

HENRY W. JAMESON.

HISTORY OF AMERICAN LITERATURE. By Moses Coit Tyler. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1878.

This work supplies a want made manifest by the cyclopedia of

Duyckinck, and it has already reached a third edition. The value of such effort is, however, mainly, if not wholly, historical; for the lover of literature, as such, would find but little to repay his acquaintance of that period in American history which Mr. Tyler's two volumes cover. To the student, however, the knowledge of what there is not is as necessary as the knowledge of what is, and Mr. Tyler's effort will be compensated by sympathy for the dreary regions through which his road led, and by admiration for the manner in which he has done his work. Should Mr. Tyler's subsequent volumes include the period within which literature has been specially cultivated in this country, we shall then show a History of Literature which will have interest as well as value. The publishers have done their part exceptionally well, and those in easy circumstances can enjoy the volumes as a typographical luxury. EDITOR.

THE FAMILY LIBRARY OF BRITISH POETRY. By James T. Fields and Edwin P. Whipple. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1878.

This new applicant for public favor is not noticeably better than its competitors, while it, of course, presents minor points of difference. Campbell's Specimens does not include the more recent writers, and has the disadvantage of being a British and not an American book. Dana's Household Book of Poetry will, with many, continue to be a favorite. Chambers' Cyclopædia of English Literature, while probably the most satisfactory book to those who own but one "collection," is not so inviting in appearance. We confess to a feeling of deep disappointment in the Family Library of British Poetry. Mr. Whipple's various essays had marked him as a specially fit editor for such a work as this, and we looked for the great *desideratum* of a "collection" which would be valuable to the student, while not deficient in merely popular interest. But this book, like so many others, seems to labor under a confusion of plan; so that while, in the case of Pope, Thomson, Johnson, and Goldsmith, the presentation of complete poems is emphasized, this *desideratum* is disregarded in the case of many other writers of equal or greater eminence. The editors congratulate themselves upon having presented Wordsworth "in every aspect of his genius." Would it not have been possible, and was it not desirable, to so present each, at

least, of the representative authors? There is, it seems to us, still room for the preparation of an anthology which, while presenting the popular favorites, should in each case so fairly represent all authors that any student could acquaint himself with "every aspect of their genius" (and want of genius). As there are now three books, each owned by a large publishing house, the prospect for being furnished with such an auxiliary is very slight; yet without this feature any "library of poetry" is useless, except for the parlor table. EDITOR.

THE RICHES OF CHAUCER. By Charles Cowden Clarke. London: Crosby, Lockwood & Co. 1877.

This book, after having long been out of print, is again rendered accessible, and to the many who are not familiar with old English it will be very welcome. The aim of the book is to present an edition with "the impurities expunged, the spelling modernized, the rhythm accentuated, and the obsolete terms explained." Inasmuch as Chaucer is one of the four greatest names in English literature, and since his writings are, in the main, not for a day, but forever, we cannot feel too grateful for the exertions of the Chaucer Society. This society has not only presented us with a correct text, but has stimulated interest so as to justify the republication of Mr. Clarke's book, and the preparation of Morris's edition of Chaucer's complete poems. We regret that Mr. Clarke, in his revised edition, did not find room for Chaucer's A B C; that he did not indicate by the lines the portions selected from each poem; and that he did not replace his biography of Chaucer, founded on Godwin and Urry, by that of Sir Harry Nicholas. EDITOR.

ELEMENTS OF POLITICAL ECONOMY. By Arthur Latham Perry, LL.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1878.

Professor Perry, as a writer upon political economy and as a constant advocate of free trade, has become a representative man, and his book is well known to the student of political economy. There are, however, many who will be interested in knowing the contents of a book like this, which can be consulted by the general reader. The subjects treated by Professor Perry are as follows: On the History of the Science, On the Field of the Science, Value, Exchange, Production, Labor, Cap-

ital, Land, Cost of Production, Money, Money in the United States, Credit, Foreign Trade, The Mercantile System, American Tariffs, Taxation. Notwithstanding inelegancies of style, the book is simply and clearly written, and will, as has been said, interest all general readers. EDITOR.

PAUL FEVAL'S "THE JESUITS." Translated by T. F. Galwey. Baltimore: Murphy & Co. 1878.

Mr. Galwey, who will be remembered by many as formerly a resident of St. Louis, has furnished, through his translation, the well-known work of M. Paul Féval. It is to be understood that M. Féval considers the general Protestant idea of the Jesuits as purely fictitious, and he protests vigorously against the continuance of slanders which were originally addressed only to religious prejudice. EDITOR.

DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE OF BOOKS. Published by Houghton, Osgood & Co. Boston.

The mere publication of a book by this firm is a matter of general interest, both because of the sterling character of their publications and because of the uniformly excellent work in printing and binding. Many readers rarely trouble themselves to notice the publisher, but those who make use of books speedily learn that the publisher's share is as important as that of the author. A glance at the catalogue of Messrs. Houghton, Osgood & Co. will impress even those who, in a general way, are conscious that the publications of this house include most that is valuable in British and American standard literature. EDITOR.

CURRENT NOTES.

It certainly should be of some comfort to such people as are in the habit of lamenting the materialistic nature and tendencies of modern culture to reflect that physical science has within it that which, when developed, must dissipate all ordinary conceptions of matter, and the reliance which the senses have in the reality of material things. It is a curious and instructive study to trace the development of the natural sciences from their initiation to the present. At first they proceeded, with undoubted confidence in the testimony of the senses, up to the point when the need was felt of a theory to explain certain so-called facts. Now, a theory is never possible until our confidence in appearances is shaken. A theory is but a tentative statement of a probable cause underlying certain phenomena. Its value depends upon the clearness of explanation which follows its acceptance, and also upon its suggestiveness in regard to the existence of other facts as yet undiscovered. There is a progress in the matter of theories, as in other things, and the first of these were, of necessity, gross and insufficient; the world of sensation was dragged bodily into our theories, without any notice on our part that this was a begging the question. In the refinement of theories, however, we notice a steady departure from the sensuous world toward that of abstract ideas. In the conception of scientific men, matter has ceased to be inert, but is regarded as an equilibrium of forces. Force is not now thought to be a fluid, but an activity, and everywhere science is melting the world of sensation down into abstract quantitative *formula*. To be sure, it cannot yet give up entirely the sense impressions of matter, but retains them in the notions about the atom and molecule, ascribing to them the very properties which in books it has succeeded in explaining away. But, leaving this contradiction to take care of itself, science, while apparently emphasizing the material nature of all things, is so modifying and expanding the meaning of the word "matter" that it is acquiring a sense of the spiritual. Consider what we ordinarily

mean by the word "matter," and what we mean when the theories of science explain it for us. In the first case, matter is but the variety of inert, helpless things lying round about us; in the second, it is a system of interrelating forces, so binding all manifold things into harmony by their mutual dependence that together they constitute one self-creative universe, of which matter is the underlying, all-producing energy. It seems almost a mistake to call this matter. Another name might be found to fit it better. But in its search after "matter," science has succeeded rather in leaving it behind, and in finding instead a self-creating energy, which is more like what we have formerly termed spirit, or mind, than its opposite. "Matter," as ordinarily accepted by sensation, is yet to be explained. After all, the theories have shown that these properties — color, warmth, hardness, etc. — are but different modes of energy. All the quantitative *formulæ* in creation will not explain a color, or any other sensation. We still must add the energy which perceives to the energy which appeals to perception, before a single sensation can arise. Science has chosen but one moment of this compound, — the material, — and, in the attempt to treat of it exclusively, has succeeded in demonstrating that, even by itself, it is unreal, except as dependent upon a creative energy, which is any thing but matter. Is not this outlook rather a hopeful one?

Is it settled that any statements made by those who object to public education are to be accepted without any proof, and that any statements made by the friends of public education are to be disregarded as vitiated by prejudice? Is not the question of public education of sufficient importance to require candid consideration? Are those who favor public schools of less weight in the community than anonymous contributors to our daily papers? Can it be true, at the same time, that, as the plutocrat suggests, the rich are paying for the "ornamental education" of the laboring classes, and that the laboring classes are paying for the extravagant education of the rich? Are people so dull as not to know that every rich man himself pays for all the education which his children receive, together with a surplusage for the children of the less well to do? Granting that the administration of the schools is not absolutely perfect, is anybody able to show that it has not been subject to fewer mistakes and less corruption than

any other public enterprise? Is there any private institution which would be willing to make so clear a showing of every detail in its management? Is there anybody able to show, by an appeal to facts, that private institutions furnish as much at as little expense? that the faults found with public schools are not true in a greater degree of all private educational enterprises? Female education, many assume, is to be determined solely by the views of men, who, contrary to daily experience, assume that they have only to declare a platform to have it accepted. They assume that men are able and willing to support women without labor other than domestic, and that domestic labor is, therefore, woman's proper sphere. Governor Robinson's messages are cited, with approval, by those who believe that "we don't want much education in the West." Granted that Governor Robinson is so much more fortunate than the average mortal as to be free from the prejudices of his caste; granted that his statements are true in New York (and this is granting what even the governor would find it hard to establish); does it follow, as a matter of course, that affairs are mismanaged in another state? Honest criticism is always welcome to honest men, but one may object when those who censure decline to examine any facts not bearing in their direction, and when any section of the community undertakes to deny the right of opinion to those who differ from them. Who are the laboring classes? Why are they laborers? Do the needs and duties of after-life recognize an entailment of class distinction? Would not a truthful statement of the reasons for their being laborers, in many cases, be a strong argument in favor of better educational opportunities for their children? Does mental wealth, laboriously stored up, really lose all of its value? If mental wealth be really gained, are they frittering away time which they and their parents can ill afford to waste? Is it not possible that the claims of their posterity may be as well worth considering as those of their ancestors? Is it well that the brain, even in the struggle for bread, should ever become only an auxiliary to the hands? Is it not when so debased that we witness the insane destruction of property by hands that fail to realize that the gaining of bread cannot by such means be made easier? It is the intelligent man who will work at manual labor, however distasteful, rather than choose a life of idleness, with its consequent poverty. Are these questions,

asked seemingly in the interest of the laboring class, asked by the laborers themselves? On the contrary, do they not often give evidence of the strongest desire that their children may have better opportunities for life than have fallen to them?

On Thursday, Friday, and Saturday evenings, January 2d, 3d, and 4th, the University Club entertained its members and their friends with a display of autotypes and carbon prints, furnished by Professor Halsey C. Ives, of the Washington University. During the loan collection at the Public School Library many persons discovered for the first time that these copies of paintings and statuary had an interest for other than art students. In the present instance the framing and hanging of the pictures was specially commendable, and those upon whom the labor fell received at least the reward of gratifying those who attended the exhibition. The 105 specimens represented the Flemish, Italian, German, French, Spanish, Dutch, and English schools. Of the Flemish, there were Rubens, Jordaens, and Vandyck among those of world-wide fame, and Matsys, Hals, and Coignet, of the *Dii minores*. Italy was represented by Da Vinci, Angelo, Titian, Raphael, del Sarto, Guido, Reni, Dominichino, Palmieri, Carlo Dolci, Salvator Rosa, Correggio; and Paul Veronese, Luini, Bronzino, Perino del Vega, Barocci, Schidone, Carravaggio, Spagnolitto, Guercino, Cortona, Della Bella, Volterrano, and Voltena also appeared. Germany had to depend upon Albrecht Dürer. France had Poussin, Watteau, Greuze, David, V. Lebrun, and Robert among its best known artists; and Tardieu, Le Nain, Champagne, Sueur, Boullogne, Coypel, Oudry, Boucher, Frangonard, Lépiccié, Boissieu, Callet, Aubry, Gericault, Hue, Gérard, Mayer, and Sigalon for its lesser luminaries. Holland depended upon Van Ostade, Mieris, Vanloo, Paul Potter, Van der Neer, and Hobbema; Spain had a Murillo; and England, Kauffman's Cupid and Venus. It is understood that as soon as Professor Ives has arranged the large collection, of which those named form but a small part, an opportunity will be furnished our citizens for the enjoyment of the professor's labors. Art criticism is valuable in directing one's enquiries and in stimulating interest, but a few exhibitions of such excellence as this will do more for the art education of our people than any other known means.

Our libraries have made their annual reports, and it is to be hoped that at least a few of those who use the libraries will take the trouble to acquaint themselves with what the managements claim. The main effort in the Mercantile Library has been expended upon finances, and the directors report a gratifying success for their efforts. In the Public School Library the rooms have been renovated, conveniences for members increased, and this, too, without diminishing the purchase of books to supply the usual demand. All who are willing to take the trouble to acquaint themselves with facts readily accessible can satisfy themselves that the last two years have been the most satisfactory in the history of the library. The issues were increased during 1878 twenty-four per cent, and the cost of issuing books decreased twelve per cent. There seems to be a misapprehension in the minds of some in regard to this library, and it may not be amiss to add a word in explanation thereof. The Public School Library is so called, not because it is a school library, but because it is in the charge of the Board of Public Schools as trustees. The privilege of the election of seven directors by the life members was designed, by those who made the contract with the Board of Public Schools, merely to ensure a medium of direct communication between the public and the management. The life members possess no special privileges except the right to vote for seven directors.

The Socialist problem still awaits solution in Europe. The recent attempt on the life of the Spanish king is but another evidence of the special gravity of this question. The Nihilist or Socialist is a production, in some respects, peculiar to the present day. Formerly, men were willing to hazard their lives and fortunes in the interest of those social and political franchises which constituted their freedom, or for the purpose of increasing their liberties; but it has been reserved for this century to originate a party whose declared purpose it is to destroy these franchises, the results of the world's toil and struggle throughout its history, in which are involved the conditions of civilization and well-being for all. That one should desire to better his condition is reasonable enough, but it is certainly surprising that he should consciously and avowedly devote his energies to the destruction of the only means yet elaborated to secure this improvement. It is true that

the condition of the so-called laboring class is not all that it should be, but as it is, it is vastly superior to their condition in former times; and if it is to be bettered, it must be by a painstaking improvement of the means we already possess, and not by the destruction of these. Underlying this movement of Socialism, as its determining cause, we can perhaps notice in the mental disposition of all classes of society a species of practical sophistry destructive of all objective standards of right and obligation. It would perhaps be difficult to trace the rise of this subjective self-sufficiency from the revolt of the mind against mediæval dogmatism to the present perilous destruction of creeds, wherever and however established; but it is evident that almost a universal want of practical faith in objective morality is now prevalent. Where legislatures, corporations, and prominent individuals so commonly repudiate moral obligations, what wonder that the humbler classes learn the lessons of fraud so ably expounded? When, in religion, politics, social and individual morality, each learns to feel himself bound only by the standard of obligation which he has subjectively created, there necessarily arises an anarchy of opinion which can blend only in a common hostility to what is objective and universal, — the government, laws, property, and the family, — after whose overthrow chaos would reign again. To the sophistical instincts of to-day, institutions are but human creations, possessing no higher validity than mere human opinion, and to be set aside by any contrary opinion, provided only this opposing whim can muster sufficient numerical strength. Nothing, therefore, can maintain itself as true or sacred, but must await the creative fiat of the popular humor. When, with the shattering of the old belief, the former bonds of society seem to be dissolving, what new faith can be offered which may renew its strength? An objective standard of right and truth, which shall compel a common devotion, is urgently needed by all classes. Among other things, we all need to recognize the community of human interests, and the truth that civilization is a growth of humanity, in accord with fixed and universal laws, to violate which is suicidal; and the idea that it is simply the creature of human effort is one we must abandon.